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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

After the battle, yet do not weep—
The day has not been lost us—
Although that fearful field is red
With precious blood as e'er was shed
For any nation's honor—no,
This is no time for tears or woe,
Or counting what it cost us.

After the battle, yet do not weep—
Ev'n had we been defeated—
For thousands ready stand to fill
The place of those who cold and still
Sleep on the field. Far rather be,
"For Union and for Liberty!"
Our battle-cry repeated.

You cannot shout, with hearts that bleed
For those beyond the river?
Your homes are desolate? Ah, yes—
Life seems to lack all happiness,
And your whole being yearns and cries
For some one pair of smiling eyes
That now are closed forever.

Your hearts are bleeding, do you say?
Thank God that you can say it!
Thank Him that He has given you
Some one beloved who, brave and true,
Could give his all up willingly,
Who for his country's cause could die,
But never could betray it.

And you, whose dear ones still are left,
Thank God that He has given
Those precious lives to you again—
Thank Him those noble hearts remain
To strike for Freedom and the Right—
To swell the ranks of those who fight
For all on this side Heaven.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "The Channings," "East Lynne," "The Earl's Heirs," "A Life's Secret," Etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VII.

LADY VERNER.

The former chapters may be looked upon somewhat in the light of an introduction to what is to follow. It was necessary to relate the events recorded in them, but we must take a leap of not far short of two years from the date of their occurrence.

John Massingbird and his attendant, Luke Roy, had arrived safely at Melbourne in due course. Luke had written home one letter to his mother, and there his correspondence ended: but John Massingbird wrote frequently, both to Mrs. Verner and to his brother Frederick. John, according to his own account, appeared to be getting on all one way: the money he took out had served him well: he had made good use of it, and was accumulating a fortune rapidly. Such was his statement: but whether implicit reliance might be placed upon it was a question. Gay John was apt to deceive himself; was given to look on the bright side, and imbue things with a tinge of *couleur de rose;* when, for less sanguine eyes, the tinge would have shone out decidedly yellow. His last account told of a "glorious nugget" he had picked up at the diggings. "Almost as big as his head:" a "fortune in itself," ran some of the phrases in his letters: and his intention was to go down himself to Melbourne and "realize the thousands" for it. His letter to Frederick was especially full of this; and he strongly recommended his brother to go out and pick up nuggets on his own score. Frederick Massingbird appeared very much inclined to take the hint:

"Were I only sure it was all gospel, I'd go to-morrow," observed Frederick Massingbird to Lionel Verner, one day that the discussion of the contents of John's letter had been renewed, a month or two subsequent to its arrival. "A year's luck, such as this, and a man might come home a millionaire. I wish I knew whether to put entire faith in it."

"Why should John deceive you?" asked Lionel.

"He'd not deceive me wilfully. He has no cause to deceive *me*. The question is, is he deceived himself? Remember what grand schemes he would now and then become wild upon here, saying and thinking he had found the philosopher's stone. And how would they turn out? This may be one of the same calibre. I wonder we did not hear again by the last month's mail."

"There's a mail due now."

"I know there is," said Frederick. "Should it bring news to confirm this, I shall go out to him."

"The worst is, those diggings appear to be all a lottery," remarked Lionel. "Where one gets his pockets lined, another starves; nay, ten—fifty—more, for all we know, starve for the one lucky one. I should not myself feel inclined to risk the journey to them."

"*You!* It's not likely you would," was the reply of Frederick Massingbird. "Everybody was not born heir to Verner's Pride."

Lionel laughed pleasantly. They were pacing the terrace in the sunshine of a winter's afternoon: a crisp, cold, bright day in January. At that moment Tynn came out of the house and approached them.

"My master is up, sir, now, and would like the paper read to him," said he, addressing Frederick Massingbird.

"Oh, bother, I can't stop now," broke from that gentleman, involuntarily. "Tynn, you need not say that you found me here. I have an appointment, and I must hasten to keep it."

Lionel Verner looked at his watch.

"I can spare half an hour," he observed to himself: and he proceeded to Mr. Verner's room.

The old study that you have seen before. And there sat Mr. Verner in the same arm-chair, cushioned and padded more than it had used to be. What a change there was in him! Shrunken, wasted, drawn: surely there would be no place very long in this world for Mr. Verner.

He was leaning forward in his chair, his back bowed, his hands resting on his stick, which was stretched out before him. He lifted his head when Lionel entered, and an expression, partly of displeasure, partly of pain, passed over his countenance.

"Where's Frederick?" he sharply asked.

"Frederick has an appointment out, sir. I will read to you."

"I thought you were going down to your mother's," rejoined Mr. Verner, his accent not softening in the least.

"I need not go for this half hour yet," replied Lionel, taking up the "Times," which lay on a table near Mr. Verner. "Have you looked at the headings of the news, sir, or shall I go over them for you, and then you can tell me what you wish read."

"I don't want anything read by you," said Mr. Verner. "Put the paper down."

Lionel did not immediately obey. A shade of mortification had crossed his face.

"Do you hear me, Lionel? Put the paper down. You know how it fidgets me to hear those papers ruffled, when I am not in a mood for reading."

Lionel rose, and stood before Mr. Verner. "Uncle, I *wish* you would let me do something for you. Better send me out of the house altogether, than treat me with this estrangement. Will it be of any use my asking you, for the hundredth time, what I did to displease you?"

"I tell you I don't want the paper read," said Mr. Verner. "And if you'd leave me alone I should be glad. Perhaps I shall get a wink of sleep. All night, all night, and my eyes were never closed! It's time I was gone."

The concluding sentences were spoken as in soliloquy; not to Lionel. Lionel, who knew his uncle's every mood, quitted the room. As he closed the door, a heavy groan, born of displeasure mingled with pain, like the greeting look had been, was sent after him by Mr. Verner. Very emphatically did it express his state of feeling with regard to Lionel; and Lionel felt it keenly.

Lionel Verner had remained in Paris six months, when summoned thither by the accident to his brother. The accident need not have detained him half that period of time; but the seductions of the gay French capital had charms for Lionel. From the very hour that he set foot in Verner's Pride on his return, he found that Mr. Verner's behaviour had altered to him. He showed bitter, angry estrangement, and Lionel could only conceive one cause for it—his long sojourn abroad. Fifteen or sixteen months had now elapsed since his return, and the estrangement had not lessened. In vain Lionel sought an explanation. Mr. Verner would not enter upon it. In fact, so far as direct words went, Mr. Verner had never expressed much of his displeasure: he left it to his manner. That said enough. He had never dropped the slightest allusion to its cause. When Lionel asked an explanation, he neither accorded nor denied it, but would put him off evasively; as he might have put off a child who asked a troublesome question: like you have now seen him do once again.

After the rebuff, Lionel was crossing the hall, when he suddenly halted, as if a thought struck him, and he turned back to the study. If ever a man's attitude bespoke utter grief and prostration, Mr. Verner's did, as Lionel opened the door. His head and hands had fallen, and his stick had dropped upon the carpet. He started out of his reverie at the appearance of Lionel, and made an effort to recover his stick. Lionel hastened to pick it up for him.

"I have been thinking, sir, that it might be well for Decima to go in the carriage to the station, to receive Miss Tempest. Shall I order it?"

"Order anything you like; order all Verner's Pride—what does it matter? Better for some of us, perhaps, that it had never existed."

Hastily, abruptly, carelessly was the answer given: there was no mistaking that Mr. Verner was nearly beside himself with mental pain.

Lionel went round to the stables to give the order he had suggested. One great feature in the character of Lionel Verner was, its complete absence of assumption. Courteously refined in mind and feelings, he could not have presumed: others, in his position, might have deemed they were but exercising a right. Though the presumptive heir to Verner's Pride, living in it, brought up as such, he would not, you see, even send out its master's unused carriage without that master's sanction. In little things as in great, Lionel Verner could be a thorough gentleman: to be otherwise he must have changed his nature.

"Wigham, will you take the close carriage to Deerham Court. It is wanted for Miss Verner."

"Very well, sir." But Wigham—who had been coachman in the family nearly as many years as Lionel had been in the world—wondered much, for all his prompt reply. He scarcely ever remembered a Verner's Pride carriage to have been ordered for Miss Verner.

Lionel passed into the high road from Verner's Pride, and, turning to the left, commenced his walk to Deerham. There were no road-side houses for a little way, but they soon began, by ones, by twos, and at last they grew into a consecutive street. These houses were mostly very poor; small shops, beer houses, laborers' cottages; but a turning to the right in the midst of the village led to a part where the houses were of a superior character, several gentlemen living there. It was a new road, called Belvedere Road; the first house in it being inhabited by Dr. West.

Lionel cast a glance across at that house as he passed down the long street. At least, as much as he could see of it, looking obliquely. His glance was not rewarded. Very frequently pretty Sibylla would be at the windows, or her vain sister Amilly. Though, if vanity is to be brought in, I don't know where it would be found in an equal degree, as it was in Sibylla West. The windows appeared to be untenanted; and Lionel withdrew his eyes and passed straightly on his way. On his left hand was situated the shop of Mrs. Duff; its prints, its silk neckerchiefs, and its ribbons, displayed in three parts of its bow-window. The fourth part was devoted to more ignominious articles, huddled indiscriminately into a corner. Children's Dutch dolls and black-lead; penny tale-books and square plut packets of cocoa; bottles of ink and India rubber balls; side combs and papers of stationery; scented soap and Circassian cream (home made;) tape, needles, pins, starch, bandoline, lavender-water, baking powder, iron skewers; and a host of other articles too numerous to notice. Nothing came amiss to Mrs. Duff; she patronized everything she thought she could turn a penny by.

"Your servant, sir," said she, dropping a curtsey as Lionel came up; for Mrs. Duff was standing at the door.

He merely nodded to her, and went on. Whether it was the sight of the woman or of some lavender prints hanging in her window, certain it was, that the image of poor Rachel Frost came vividly into the mind of Lionel. Nothing had been heard, nothing found, to clear up the mystery of that past night.

At the extremity of the village, lying a little back from it, was a moderate-sized, red brick house, standing in the midst of lands, and called Deerham Court. It had once been an extensive farm; but the present tenant, Lionel's mother, rented the house only, very little of the land. The land was let to a neighboring farmer. Nearly a mile beyond—you could see its towers and its chimneys from this—rose the stately old mansion, called Deerham Hall. Deerham Hall, Deerham Court, and a great deal of the land and property on that side of the village, belonged to Sir Rufus Hantley, a proud, unsociable man. He lived at the Hall; and his only son, between whom and himself it was conjectured there existed some estrangement, had purchased into an Indian regiment, where he was now serving.

Lionel Verner passed the village, branched off to the right, and entered the great iron gates which enclosed the court-yard of Deerham Court. A very unpretending entrance admitted him into a spacious hall, the hall being the largest and best part of the house. Those great iron gates and the hall would have done honor to a large mansion; and they gave an appearance of pretension to Deerham Court which it did not deserve.

Lionel opened a door on the left and entered a small ante-room. This led him into the only really good room that the house contained. It was elegantly furnished and fitted up, and its two large windows looked towards the open country, and to Deerham Hall. Seated by the fire, in a rich violet dress, a costly white lace cap shading her delicate face, that must once have been so beautiful—indeed, that was beautiful still—was a lady of middle age. Her seat was low; one of those chairs that we are pleased to call, commonly and irreverently, a prie-dieu. Its back was carved in arabesque foliage, and its stuffing was of rich, violet velvet. On a small, inlaid table, whose carvings were as beautiful, and its top inlaid with mosiac-work, lay a dainty handkerchief of lace, a bottle of smelling-salts, and a book turned with its face downwards, all close at the lady's elbow. She was sitting in idleness just then; she always did sit in idleness; her face bent on the fire, her small hands, cased in white gloves, lying motionless on her lap—ay, a beautiful face once, though it had grown habitually peevish and discontented now. She turned her head when the door opened, and a flush of bloom rose to her cheeks when she saw Lionel.

He went up and kissed her. He loved her much. She loved him, too, better than she loved anything in life; and she drew a chair close to her, and he sat down, bending towards her. There was not much likeness between them, the mother and the son; both were very good-looking, but not alike.

"You see, mother mine, I am not late, as you prophesied I should be," said he, with one of his sweetest smiles.

"You would have been, Lionel, but for my reminding you not. I'm sure I wish—I wish she was not coming! She must remember the old days in India, and will contrast the difference."

"She will scarcely remember India, when you were there. She is only a child yet, is she?"

"You know nothing about it, Lionel," was the querulous answer. "Whether she remembers or not, will she expect to see *me* in such a house, such a position as this. It is at these seasons, when people are coming here, who know what I have been and ought to be, that I feel all the humiliation of my poverty. Lucy Tempest is nineteen."

Lionel Verner knew that it was of no use to argue with his mother, when she began upon that most unsatisfactory topic, her position; which included what she called her "poverty" and her "wrongs." Though, in truth, not a day passed but she broke out upon it.

"Lionel," she suddenly said.

He had been glancing over the pages of the book—a new work on India. He laid it down as he had found it, and turned to her.

"What shall you allow me, when you come into Verner's Pride?"

"Whatever you shall wish, mother. You shall name the sum, not I. And if you name too modest a one," he added, laughing, "I shall double it. But Verner's Pride must be your home then, as well as mine."

"Never!" was the emphatic answer.—"What! to be turned out of it again by the advent of a young wife? No, never, Lionel."

Lionel laughed, constrainedly this time.

"I may not be bringing home a young wife for this many and many a year to come."

"If you never brought one, I would not make my home at Verner's Pride," she resumed, in the same impulsive voice. "Live in the house by favor, that ought to have been mine by right? You would not be my true son, to ask me, Lionel. Catherine, is that you?" she called out, as the movements of some one were heard in the ante-room.

A woman servant put in her head.

"My lady?"

"Tell Miss Verner that Mr. Lionel is here."

"Miss Verner knows it, my lady," was the woman's reply. "She bade me ask you, sir," addressing Lionel, "if you'd please to step out to her."

"Is she getting ready, Catherine?" asked Lady Verner.

"I think not, my lady."

"Go to her, Lionel, and ask her if she knows the time. A pretty thing if you arrive at the station after the train is in!"

Lionel quitted the room. Outside in the hall stood Catherine, waiting for him.

"Miss Verner has met with a little accident and hurt her foot, sir," she whispered. "She can't walk."

"Not walk!" exclaimed Lionel. "Where is she?"

"She is in the store-room, sir, where it happened."

Lionel went to the store-room, a small boarded room at the back of the hall. A young lady sat there; a very pretty white foot in a wash-hand basin of warm water, and a shoe and stocking lying near, as if hastily thrown off.

"Why, Decima! what is this?"

She lifted her face. A face whose features were of the highest order of beauty, regular as if chiselled from marble, and little less colorless. But for the large, earnest, dark-blue eyes, so full of expression, it might have been accused of coldness. In sleep, or in perfect repose, when the eyelids were bent, it looked strangely cold and pure. Her dark hair was braided; and she wore a dress something the same in color as Lady Verner's.

"Lionel, what shall I do? And to-day of all days! I shall be obliged to tell mamma: I cannot walk a step."

"What is the injury? How did you do it?"

"I got on a chair. I was looking for some old Indian ornaments that I know are in that high cupboard, wishing to put them in Miss Tempest's room, and somehow the chair tilted with me, and I fell upon my foot. It is only a sprain; but I can't walk."

"How do you know it is only a sprain, Decima? I shall send West to you."

"Thank you all the same, Lionel, but if you please I don't like Doctor West well enough to have him," was Miss Verner's answer. "See! I don't think I can walk."

She took her foot out of the basin, and attempted to try. But for Lionel, she would have fallen: and her naturally pale face became paler from the pain.

"And you say you will not have Dr. West!" he cried, gently putting her into the chair again. "You must allow me to judge for you, Decima."

"Then, Lionel, I'll have Jan—if I must have any one. I have more faith in him," she added, lifting her large blue eyes, "than in Dr. West."

"Let it be Jan, then, Decima. Send one of the servants for him at once. What is to be done about Miss Tempest?"

"You must go alone. Unless you can persuade mamma out. Lionel, you will tell mamma about this. She must be told."

As Lionel crossed the hall on his return, the door was being opened: the Verner's Pride carriage had just driven up. Lady Verner had seen it from the window of the ante-room, and her eyes spoke her displeasure.

"Lionel, what brings *that* here?"

"I told them to bring it for Decima. I thought you would prefer that Miss Tempest should be met with that, than with a hired one."

"Miss Tempest will know soon enough that I am too poor to keep a carriage," said Lady Verner. "Decima may use it if she pleases. I would not."

"My dear mother, Decima will not be able to use it. She cannot go to the station. She has hurt her foot."

"How did she do that?"

"She was on a chair in the store-room, looking in the cupboard. She—"

"Of course! that's just like Decima!" crossly responded Lady Verner. "She is at something or other everlastingly: doing half the work of a servant about the house."

Lionel made no reply. He knew that, but for Decima, the house would be less comfortable, than it was, for Lady Verner: and that, what Decima did, she did in love.

"Will you go to the station?" he inquired.

"I! In this cold wind! How can you ask me, Lionel? I should get my face chapped irretrievably. If Decima cannot go, you must go alone."

"But how shall I know Miss Tempest?"

"You must find her out," said Lady Verner. "Her mother was as tall as a giantess: perhaps she is the same. Is Decima much hurt?"

"She thinks it is only a sprain. We have sent for Jan."

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR IN GEORGIA.

The above, engraved expressly for The Post from a sketch in "*Frank Leslie*," represents the U. S. gunboat Uncas, covering the operations of a party of National soldiers, while removing a rebel saw mill on the St. Mary's river, Georgia.

"For Jan! Much good he will do!" returned Lady Verner: in so contemptuous a tone as to prove she had no very exalted opinion of Mr. "Jan's" abilities.

Lionel went out to the carriage, and stepped in. The footman did not shut the door.

"And Miss Verner, sir?"

"Miss Verner is not coming. The railway station. Tell Wigham to drive fast or I shall be late,"

"My lady wouldn't let Miss Decima come out in it," thought Wigham to himself, as he drove on.

CHAPTER VIII.

LUCY TEMPEST.

The words of my lady, "as tall as a giantess," unconsciously influenced the imagination of Lionel Verner. The train was steaming into the station at one end, as his carriage stopped at the other. Lionel leaped from it, and mixed amidst the bustle of the platform.

Not very much bustle either. And it would have been less, but that Deerham Station was the nearest approach, as yet, by rail to Heartburg, a town of some note about four miles distant. Not a single tall lady got out of the train. Not a lady at all, that Lionel could see. There were two fat women, tearing about after their luggage, both habited in men's drab great coats, or what looked like them; and there was one very young lady, who stood back in apparent perplexity, gazing at the scene of confusion around her.

"*She* cannot be Miss Tempest," deliberated Lionel. "If she is, my mother must have mistaken her age: she looks but a child. No harm in asking her, at any rate."

He went up to the young lady. A very pleasant-looking girl, fair, with a peach bloom upon her cheeks, dark brown hair, and eyes soft and brown and luminous. Those eyes were wandering to all parts of the platform, some anxiety in their expression.

Lionel raised his hat.

"I beg your pardon. Have I the honor of addressing Miss Tempest?"

"Oh, yes, that is my name," she answered, looking up at him, the peach bloom deepening to a glow of satisfaction, and the soft eyes lighting with a glad smile. "Have you come to meet me?"

"I have. I come from my mother, Lady Verner."

"I am so glad," she rejoined, with a frank sincerity of manner perfectly refreshing in these modern days of artificial young ladyism. "I was beginning to think nobody had come: and then what could I have done?"

"My sister would have come with me to receive you, but for an accident which occurred to her just before it was time to start. Have you any luggage?"

"There's the great box I brought from India, and a hair-trunk, and my school-box. It is all in the van."

"Allow me to take you out of this crowd, and it shall be seen to," said Lionel, bending to offer his arm.

She took it, and turned with him. But stopped ere more than a step or two had been taken.

"We are going wrong. The luggage is up that way."

"I am taking you to the carriage. The luggage will be all right."

He was placing her in it when she suddenly drew back, and surveyed it.

"What a pretty carriage!" she exclaimed.

Many said the same of the Verner Pride equipages. The color of the panels was of that rich shade of blue called ultra-marine, with white linings and hammer-cloths, while a good deal of silver shone on the harness of the horses. The servants' livery was white and silver, their small-clothes blue.

Lionel handed her in.

"Have we far to go?" she asked.

"Not five minutes' drive."

He closed the door, gave the footman directions about the luggage, took his own seat by the coachman, and the carriage started. Lady Verner came to the door of the court to receive Miss Tempest.

In the old Indian days of Lady Verner, she and Sir Lionel had been close and intimate friends of Colonel and Mrs. Tempest. Subsequently Mrs. Tempest had died, and their only daughter had been sent to a clergyman's family in England for her education—a very superior place where six pupils only were taken. But she was of age to leave it now, and Colonel Tempest, who contemplated soon being home, had craved of Lady Verner to receive her in the interim.

"Lionel," said his mother to him, "you must stop here for the rest of the day, and help to entertain her."

"Why, what can I do towards it?" responded Lionel.

"You can do something. You can talk. They have got Decima into her room, and I must be up and down with her. I don't like leaving Lucy alone the first day she is in the house—she will take a prejudice against it. One blessed thing, she seems quite simple, not exacting."

"Anything but exacting, I should say," replied Lionel. "I will stay for an hour or two, if you like, mother, but I must be home to dinner."

Lady Verner need not have troubled herself about "entertaining" Lucy Tempest. She was accustomed to entertain herself; and as to any ceremony or homage being paid to her, she would not have understood it, and might have felt embarrassed. She had not been used to anything of the sort. Could Lady Verner have seen her then, at the very moment she was talking to Lionel, her fears might have been relieved. Lucy Tempest had found her way to Decima's room, and had taken up her position in a very undignified fashion at that young lady's feet, her soft, candid brown eyes fixed upwards on Decima's face, and her tongue busy with its reminiscences of India. After some time spent in this manner, she was scared away by the entrance of a gentleman whom Decima called "Jan." Upon which she proceeded to the chamber she had been shown to as hers, to dress, a process which did not appear to be very elaborate by the time it took, and then she went down-stairs to find Lady Verner.

Lady Verner had not quitted Lionel. She had been grumbling and complaining all that time: it was half the pastime of Lady Verner's life to grumble in the ears of Lionel and Decima. Bitterly mortified had Lady Verner been when she found, upon her arrival from India, that Stephen Verner, her late husband's younger brother, had succeeded to Verner's Pride, to the exclusion of herself and of Lionel; and bitterly mortified she remained. Whether it had been by some strange oversight on the part of old Mr. Verner, or whether it had been intentional, no provision whatever had been left by him to Lady Verner and to her children. Stephen Verner would have remedied this. On the arrival of Lady Verner, he had proposed to pay over to her yearly a certain sum out of the estate; but Lady Verner, smarting under disappointment, under the sense of injustice, had flung his proposal back to him. Never, so long as he lived, would she be obliged to him for the worth of a sixpence in money, or in kind, she told Stephen Verner passionately; and she had kept her word.

Her income was sadly limited; it was very little besides her pay as a colonel's widow: and to Lady Verner it seemed less than it really was, for her habits were somewhat expensive. She took this house, Deerham Court, which was then to be let without the land; had it embellished inside and out—which cost her more than she could afford—and had since resided in it. She would not have rented under Mr. Verner had he paid her to do it. She declined all intercourse with Verner's Pride; had never put her foot over its threshold: Decima went once in a while; but she, never. If she and Stephen Verner met abroad, she was coldly civil to him: she was indifferently haughty to Mrs. Verner, whom she despised in her heart for not being a lady. With all her deficiences, Lady Verner was essentially a gentlewoman: not to be one, amounted in her eyes to little less than a sin. No wonder that she, with her delicate beauty of person, her quiet refinements of dress, shrank within herself as she swept past poor Mrs. Verner, with her great person, her crimson face, and her flaunting colors! No wonder that Lady Verner, smarting under her wrongs, passed half her time in giving utterance to them; or, that her smooth face was acquiring premature wrinkles of discontent. Lionel had a somewhat difficult course to steer, between Verner's Pride and Deerham Court, so as to keep friends with both.

Lucy Tempest appeared at the door. She stood there hesitating, after the manner of a timid school-girl. They turned round and saw her.

"If you please, may I come in?"

Lady Verner could have sighed over the deficiency of "style," or confidence: whichever you may like to term it. Lionel laughed as he crossed the room to throw the door wider by way of welcome.

She wore a light, shot pink dress of peculiar material, a sort of cashmere, very fine and soft. Looking at it one way it was pink; the other, mauve: the general shade of it was beautiful. Lady Verner could have sighed again; if the wearer was deficient in style, certainly the dress was. A low body and short sleeves, perfectly simple, a narrow bit of white lace alone edging them: nothing on her neck, nothing on her arms, no gloves. A child of seven might have been so dressed. Lady Verner looked at her, her brow knit, and various thoughts running through her brain: she began to fear that Miss Tempest would require so much training as to give her trouble.

Lucy saw the look, and deemed that her attire was wrong. "Ought I to have put on my best things—my new silk?" she asked.

My new silk! My best things! Lady Verner was almost at a loss for an answer, "You have not an extensive wardrobe, possibly, my dear?"

"Not very," replied Lucy. "This was my best dress, until I had my new silk. Mrs. Cust told me to put this one on for dinner to-day, and she said if Lady—if you and Miss Verner dressed very much, I could change it for the silk to-morrow. It is a *beautiful* dress," Lucy added, looking ingeniously at Lady Verner, "a pearl grey. Then I have my morning dresses, and my white for dancing. Mrs. Cust said that anything you found deficient in my wardrobe it would be better for you to supply than for her, because you would be the best judge of what I should require."

"Mrs. Cust does not pay much attention to dress, probably," observed Lady Verner, coldly. "She is a clergyman's wife. It is sad taste when people neglect themselves, whatever may be the duties of their station."

"But Mrs. Cust does not neglect herself," spoke up Lucy, a surprised look upon her face. "She is always dressed nicely: not fine, you know. Mrs. Cust says that the lower classes have become so fine now-a-days, that nearly the only way you may know a lady, until she speaks, is by her quiet simplicity."

"My dear, Mrs. Cust should say elegant simplicity," corrected Lady Verner. "She ought to know. She is of good family."

Lucy humbly acquiesced. She feared she herself must be too "quiet" to satisfy Lady Verner. "Will you be so kind, then, as to get me what you please?" she asked.

"My daughter will see to all these things, Lucy," replied Lady Verner. "She is not young, like you, and she is remarkably steady, and experienced."

"She does not look old," said Lucy, in her open candor. "She is very pretty."

"She is turned five-and-twenty. Have you seen her?"

"I have been with her ever so long. We were talking about India. She remembers my dear mamma; and, do you know"—her bright expression fading to sadness—"*I* can scarcely remember her! I should have stayed with Decima—May I call her Decima?" broke off Lucy, with a faltering tongue, as if she had done wrong.

"Certainly you may."

"I should have stayed with Decima until now, talking about mamma, but a gentleman came in."

"A gentleman?" echoed Lady Verner.

"Yes. Some one tall and very thin. Decima called him Jan. After that I went to my room again. I could not find it at first," she added, with a pleasant little laugh. "I looked into two; but neither was mine, for I could not see the boxes. Then I changed my dress, and came down."

"I hope you had my maid to assist you," quickly remarked Lady Verner.

"Some one assisted me. When I had my dress on, ready to be fastened, I looked out to see if I could find any one to do it, and I did. A servant was at the end of the corridor, by the window."

"But, my dear Miss Tempest, you should have rung," exclaimed Lady Verner, half petrified at the young lady's unformed manners, and privately speculating upon the sins Mrs. Cust must have to answer for. "Was it Therese?"

"I don't know," replied Lucy. "She was rather old, and had a broom in her hand."

"Old Catharine, I declare! Sweeping and dusting as usual! She might have soiled your dress."

"She wiped her hands on her apron," said Lucy, simply. "She had a nice face. I liked it."

"I *beg*, my dear, that in future you will ring for Therese," emphatically returned Lady Verner, in her discomposure. "She understands that she is to wait upon you. Therese is my maid, and her time is not half occupied. Decima exacts very little of her. But take care that you do not allow her to lapse into English when with you. It is what she is apt to do, unless checked. You speak French, of course?" added Lady Verner, the thought crossing her that Mrs. Cust's educational training might have been as deficient on that point, as she deemed it had been on that of "style."

"I speak it quite well," replied Lucy; "as well, or nearly as well, as a French girl. But I do not require anybody to wait on me," she continued. "There is never anything to do for me, but just to fasten these evening dresses that close behind. I am much obliged to you, all the same, for thinking of it, Lady Verner."

Lady Verner turned from the subject; it seemed to grow more and more unprofitable. "I shall go and hear what Jan says, if he is there," she remarked to Lionel.

"I wonder we did not see or hear him come in," was Lionel's answer.

"As if Jan could come into the house like a gentleman!" returned Lady Verner, with intense acrimony. "The back way is a step or two nearer, and therefore he patronizes it."

She quitted the room as she spoke, and Lionel turned to Miss Tempest. He had been exceedingly amused and edified at the conversation between her and his mother; but while Lady Verner had been inclined to groan over it, he had rejoiced. That Lucy Tempest was thoroughly and genuinely unsophisticated; that she was of a nature too sincere and honest for her manners to be otherwise than of truthful simplicity, he was certain. A delightful child, he thought; one he could have taken to his heart and loved as a sister. Not with any other love; that was already given elsewhere by Lionel Verner.

The winter evening was drawing on, and little light was in the room, save that cast by the blaze of the fire. It flickered upon Lucy's face, as she stood near it. Lionel drew a chair towards her.

"Will you not sit down, Miss Tempest?"

A formidable-looking chair, large and stately, as Lucy turned to look at it. Her eyes fell upon the low one which, earlier in the afternoon, had been occupied by Lady Verner.

"May I sit in this one instead? I like it best."

"You 'may' sit in any chair that the room contains, or on an ottoman, or anywhere that you like," answered Lionel, considerably amused. "Perhaps you would prefer this?"

"This" was a very low seat indeed—in point of fact, Lady Verner's footstool. He had spoken in jest, but she waited for no second permission, drew it close to the fire, and sat down upon it. Lionel looked at her, his lips and eyes dancing.

"Perhaps you would have preferred the rug?"

"Yes I should," answered she, frankly. "It is what we did at the rectory. Between the lights, on a winter's evening, we were allowed to do what we pleased for twenty minutes, and we used to sit down on the rug before the fire and talk."

"Mrs. Cust, also?" asked Lionel.

"Not Mrs. Cust; you are laughing at me. If she came in, and saw us, she would say we were too old to sit there, and should be better on chairs. But we liked the rug best."

"What had you used to talk of?"

"Of everything, I think. About the poor; Mr. Cust's poor, you know; and the village, and our studies, and— But I don't think I must tell you that," broke off Lucy, laughing merrily at her own thoughts.

"Yes you may," said Lionel.

"It was about that poor old German teacher of ours. We used to play her such tricks, and it was round the fire that we planned them. But she is very good," added Lucy, becoming serious, and lifting her eyes to Lionel, as if to bespeak his sympathy for the German teacher.

"Is she?"

"She was always patient and kind. The first time Lady Verner lets me go to a shop, I mean to buy her a warm winter cloak. Hers is so thin. Do you think I could get her one for two pounds?"

"I don't know at all," smiled Lionel. "A great coat for me would cost more than two pounds."

"I have two soverings left of my pocket-money, besides some silver. I hope it will buy a cloak. It is Lady Verner who will have the management of my money, is it not, now that I have left Mrs. Cust's?"

"I believe so."

"I wonder how much she will allow me for myself?" continued Lucy, gazing up at Lionel with a serious expression of inquiry, as if the question were a momentous one.

"I think cloaks for old teachers ought to be apart," cried Lionel; "they should not come out of your pocket-money."

"Oh, but I like them to do so. I wish I had a home of my own!—like I shall have when papa returns to Europe. I should invite her to me for the holidays, and give her nice dinners always, and buy her some nice clothes, and send her back with her poor old heart happy."

"Invite whom?"

"Fraulein Muller. Her father was a gentleman of good position, and he somehow lost his inheritance. When he died she found it out—there was not a shilling for her. Instead of a fortune, as she had always thought. She was over forty then, and she had to come to England and begin teaching for a living. She is fifty now, and nearly all she gets she sends to Heidelberg to her poor, sick sister. I wonder how much good, warm cloaks do cost?"

Lucy Tempest spoke the last sentence dreamily. She was evidently debating the question in her own mind. Her small white hands rested inertly upon her pink dress, her clear face with its delicate bloom was still, her eyes were bent on the fire. But that Lionel's heart was elsewhere, it might have gone out, there and then, to that young girl and her attractive simplicity.

"What a pretty child you are!" involuntarily broke from him.

Up came those eyes to him, soft and luminous, their only expression being surprise, not a shade of vanity.

"I am not a child; why do you call me one? But Mrs. Cust said you would all be taking me for a child, until you knew me."

"How old are you?" asked Lionel.

"I was eighteen last September."

"Eighteen?" involuntarily repeated Lionel.

"Yes; eighteen. We had a party on my birthday. Mr. Cust gave me a most beautifully bound copy of Thomas à Kempis; he had had it bound on purpose. I will show it to you when my books are unpacked. You would like Mr. Cust if you knew him. He is an old man now, and he has white hair. He is twenty years older than Mrs. Cust; but he is so good!"

"How is it," almost vehemently broke forth Lionel, "that you are so different *from* others?"

"I don't know. Am I different?"

"So different—so different—that—that—"

"What is the matter with me?" she asked, timidly, almost humbly, the delicate color in her cheeks deepening to crimson.

"There is nothing the matter with you," he answered, smiling; "a good thing if there were as little the matter with everybody else. Do you know that I never saw any one whom I liked so much at first sight as I like you, although you appear to me only as a child? If I call here often, I shall grow to love you almost as much as I love my sister Decima."

"Is not this your home?"

"No. My home is at Verner's Pride."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1862.

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FOREIGN INTERFERENCE.

It appears to be the belief of many that when the news of the recent reverse before Richmond reaches Europe, our ears will be speedily assailed by another loud outcry for armed intervention. We think this is very probable—and yet we do not think that there is any immediate danger of such interference in our concerns. Judging by the recent advices, the great liberal party of England, with Lord Palmerston at its head, has come to a clear understanding of the folly of such an attempt to better the condition of the operative classes. They see that a war with the United States would add to the present distress—which arises partly from the want of cotton, and partly from over-production—a new element of misery in the shape of the destruction of trade with the Northern states. Thus, in answer to a recent question of Mr. Hopwood's in the House of Commons, the First Lord of the Treasury said:—

Her Majesty's Government would be most happy if it were in their power to do anything which would be likely to afford relief to those unhappy classes of the population. *But I am sure the House will see that anything like interference with the war now going on would only aggravate still more the sufferings of those now under privation.* [Hear.] With respect to mediation and good offices, there is no doubt whatever that both Her Majesty's Government and the Government of the Emperor of the French would be delighted to avail themselves of any opportunity that appeared to offer a fair prospect that such a step would be attended with success. But in the present state of the contest, while the two parties seem animated with the most vehement anger and resentment against each other, I am afraid that any proposal of that kind would not be well timed, *and would be sure to meet with objections on both sides.* If, however, at any time, a different state of things should arise, and a fair opening for any step which would be likely to meet with the acquiescence of the two parties, it would not only be our duty to offer our services, but would afford us the greatest possible pleasure to do so.

It will be noticed that while "anything like interference with the war," is denounced as impolitic by Lord Palmerston, "mediation and good offices," at a proper time, may be resorted to.

Against such "mediation and good offices," —proffered in case the parties on both sides desired them—of course there could be no objection. But, as Lord Palmerston well says, to proffer such mediation in the present state of feeling, "would not be well timed." How soon it is likely to be well timed, is a question the solution of which may be probably left to the next decade.

An objection to interference in conjunction with France, which probably has no slight weight in England, is the want of faith in France as a fair ally. England feels that in the recent instances of joint action, France has acted a more selfish than open and generous part. Thus the *London Saturday Review* says:—

If an arbitration were instituted, *it would be impossible to answer for the tendencies or conduct of French diplomatists.* Any leaning which they might show to the South would be attributed to their unpopular colleagues, while the burden of rejecting proposals unduly favorable to the Federalists might at any moment be thrown on the English Plenipotentiaries. Both members of the international tribunal might be suspected of a regard for selfish interests, but all imputations of unfairness would be habitually concentrated on England. * * * *

Least of all would it be profitable to follow France into a struggle which would necessarily be controlled by alien counsels and motives. *Joint action in war is not recommended by the experience of recent years in the Crimea, in China, or in Mexico.* Good faith and friendly feeling are no sufficient security for a lasting community of interest; and it might suit the purposes of France to make peace or to continue the war against the wish and opinion of the English Government. In either case a withdrawal from the alliance would be either dangerous or discreditable, and yet the objections to perseverance in joint action might be still more insurmountable. The quarrels of two allies with a common enemy are never altogether identical.—*It might become necessary to mix up questions of Mexican policy, or of insults to the French flag, with the main object of terminating a ruinous civil war.* The mere want of cotton is not precisely the same in character and in result as it affects the trade of the two countries. An armed intervention in the South, would probably be popular in Lyons, *but it would certainly meet with general disapproval in Lancashire.* On the whole, it is better not to engage in an uncertain partnership: It is inexpedient to undertake the gratuitous duty of coercing the Americans into commerce; *and it is not even desirable to offer or to undertake a mediation which might probably end in an armed intervention by England and France.*

It is impossible, we think, that such views, so sound and yet so obvious, should not receive their due consideration in England. And although the tory party, if we may credit the common assertion that the *London Herald* is Lord Derby's organ, seems to be animated by an opposite spirit, we think the strong common sense of the British people will revolt from such teachings as the following, which we find credited to the paper alluded to:—

But the war has lasted a year, and may last for many years; and it inflicts on England sufferings already cruel, and increasing with each succeeding month that brings no hope of peace. If the cause of the North were a good or a holy one, England might be content to suffer long and severely, for conscience sake; but we are not willing *to see our countrymen starve, that Northern lust of empire may be gratified by the sacrifice of Southern freedom, or that Massachusetts may grow rich on subsidies wrung by a protective tariff from Georgia and Alabama.* It is time that some decided action should be taken by France and England on behalf of justice and humanity, as well as for the protection of their half ruined manufacturers and hungry operatives. *Such action must be taken at last;* it is impossible that things can be long allowed to remain as at present, and most improbable that any change in the aspect of American affairs will bring us any relief; and if we are to act after all, it is a saving of needless misery to act at once, with gentleness and courtesy, but with immovable firmness of purpose. *The war in America the cotton famine in Europe, must be terminated; when this resolution is once announced by the two great powers, neither the patient sufferers here nor the exhausted combatants beyond the Atlantic will have long to wait for relief.*

The assertion made in the last sentence of the above is one that the people of England probably will require a good deal of proof of before believing. Not the resolution of the two great powers, nor of all the combined powers of Europe, would put a speedy close to the war. Such an interference would not only cause the present conflagration to show a deeper and fiercer red, but would light up fresh fires in other portions of the globe. France once defied successfully a world in arms—and the people of this American Union will, if necessary, do the same thing. Such a war as European interference would probably inaugurate is an awful thing to think of—we pray Heaven that we may be spared the carnage and suffering that would in all probability ensue—but if we understand the hearts of the American people, they will never submit to European dictation in this or any other matter, until they lie prostrate, chained and lifeless at the foot of the conqueror.

Our European friends think the Americans are excited now—let them not interfere in the present quarrel, unless they wish to see a nation of madmen. It is said that it takes ten men to control one madman—let them calculate, before they begin, what it would take and cost to control twenty millions of such.

But, as we have said, we believe that the very idea of interference has been abandoned by the controlling party of England. And France will hardly move without England, especially now that she has got Mexico on her own unaided hands—and thus got, as we think, a much more serious problem to work out than she at the beginning dreamt of. Yes, France, before she gets through with Mexico, will probably have been taught a lesson of justice and prudence which her ambitious and unscrupulous ruler greatly needs.

But while we think there is very little danger of *interference* from France and England, we should not be greatly surprised if one or both of those Powers should consider the expediency of recognizing the so-styled "Confederate" government. This, however, seems to us a comparatively trivial matter. It would of course give a certain amount of moral aid to the rebels—but it would not open their ports, nor aid them either with ships or munitions of war. We acknowledged the government of Lamartine, but that did not prevent the overthrow of the French republic. If we had acknowledged the independence of Hungary, Hungary would have fallen all the same. To that extent the European governments may go perhaps—but that, we think, will be the limit of the aid they will extend to the rebel Confederacy. Even that probably depends upon the successful defence of Richmond. If Richmond falls, before many months, even recognition will be denied the rebel Confederacy.

THEIR NUMBERS.

A recent letter from a rebel officer belonging to North Carolina, published in the *Wilmington (N. C.) Journal*, complains bitterly of the overlooking of the services of the troops of that state by the Virginia papers. It says:—

North Carolina and Georgia furnished fully one-half the forces engaged in the series of battles—thirty-six to forty regiments each—yet North Carolina and Georgia have found no place in the Richmond papers. Go around among the wounded, at hospitals and private residences, you will find five, if not ten, North Carolinians to one Virginian. This has been told me by physicians in attendance. Yet the Richmond papers pretend not to know it. It is a crying shame—a piece of unblushing rascality.

I have but a single word to say. Bennett, of the *Herald*—with all his capacity of brag and bluster, and outrageous lying, is not at all ahead of the Richmond editors. Richmond herself cheats us out of all our soldiers' pay, and out of all our glory. If it were not for the loss to the Southern cause I would just as soon the Yankees had the city as not. It is a Yankee city in all that especially constitutes a Yankee—brag, bluster, knavery, cheating.

If North Carolina and Georgia furnished together say 75 regiments, then it would follow from the above that the rebel army in the late battles numbered about 150 regiments. If these regiments averaged 600 men, as they probably did, it would make the rebel army about 90,000 men.

We judge the right wing of the Union army numbered about 30,000—and the assailing rebel force, excluding their reserves, was probably about 60,000, or double our numbers.

Of course, as Gen. McClellan resolved not to fight a pitched battle on his right wing, he was unable to reinforce his right to the extent of his ability. For if he had concentrated all his army on his right, the movement to James River would have been impossible. In other words, he could not move the main body of his army to the left and to the right at the same time. Why it was not considered safe to fight a pitched battle on the right, or to move the left on Richmond, the country is not yet informed—though the natural presumption is that General McClellan feared that the enemy's force too greatly outnumbered his own to warrant either of those movements.

In reference to the rebel losses, the same North Carolina officer says:—

Two-thirds of the brigade have been placed *hors du combat*. Two out of five colonels have been killed. The other three were wounded. Out of twelve field officers, only two have escaped unhurt. The Twenty-eighth, Thirty third and Thirty-seventh suffered heavily.

The Seventh was literally cut to pieces, losing largely more than one-half of officers and men. The Eighteenth has less than two hundred men fit for duty—considerably less. The three field officers were wounded, eight out of ten company Commanders were wounded. Only thirteen out of forty company officers are left for duty.

NOT BAD.—The *Richmond Enquirer* tells the following anecdote, showing how much the Union troops value the gunboats. Of course its correspondent was in our lines, and saw what he describes—else how could he have found it out?

When the remnant of the Federal army reached the James river, a Federal army officer, meeting a naval officer, in the delirium of his delight threw his arms around him, and exclaimed, "There ought to be a gunboat in every man's family." So deep is their attachment to the gunboats that, were all of them ordered from the river, the army would "skedaddle" out of Virginia the first dark night. They regard a Columbiad with veneration, while a four mile shooting hundred pound rifled gun is idolized. McClellan will have to carry a gunboat with every regiment before he can make them leave the river.

We may add to the above that the rebels also seem to hold the gunboats in great veneration—a veneration not entirely unmingled with fear, judging from their conduct.

GEN. HALLECK.—As we write this the common belief is that Gen. Halleck—having given up his immediate command in the South West—is to be appointed commander-in-chief, under the President, and to have his headquarters at Washington. It is also believed that Gen. McClellan will be continued in his present command.

The commanders remaining in the West are Curtis, Thomas, Buell, Rosecrans, W. T. Sherman, Grant, Nelson, Davis and Asboth, the East having now got Halleck, Pope, Sigel and Mitchell.

GEN. POPE'S ORDERS.

Gen. Pope issued three general orders on the 18th inst., of the following purport:—

The first orders the troops under his command to subsist upon the country in which they find themselves, as far as possible. "In all cases supplies for this purpose will be taken by the officer to whose department they properly belong, under the orders of the commanding officer of the troops for whose use they are intended. Vouchers will be given to the owners, stating on their face that they will be payable at the conclusion of the war upon sufficient testimony being furnished that such owners have been loyal citizens of the United States since the date of the vouchers."

The second order forbids the use of supply or baggage trains by the cavalry, and enjoins celerity in their movements.

The third order says that persons living along the line of operations will be held responsible for any interference with railroads, telegraphs, supplies, &c. It says:—

If a soldier or legitimate follower of the army be fired upon from any house, the house shall be razed to the ground, and the inhabitants sent prisoners to the headquarters of this army. If such an outrage occur at any place distant from settelments, the people within five miles around shall be held accountable, and made to pay an indemnity sufficient for the case. Any persons detected in such outrages, either during the act or any time afterwards, shall be shot without waiting civil process. Whenever a railroad, wagon road or telegraph line is injured by parties of guerillas, the citizens living within five miles of the spot shall be turned out *en masse* to repair the damage, and shall, besides, pay to the United States, in money or in property to be levied by military force, the full amount of the pay and subsistence of the whole force necessary to coerce the performance of the work during the time occupied in completing it.

While it is the wish of the general commanding this army that all peaceably disposed persons who remain at their homes and pursue their accustomed avocations shall be subjected to no improper burthen of war, yet their own safety must of necessity depend upon the strict preservation of peace and order among themselves, and they are to understand that nothing will deter him from enforcing promptly and to the full extent every provision of this order.

Postage Stamps for Currency.—Congress before it adjourned, legalized postage stamps as a legal tender for all sums under five dollars. The Treasury Department will therefore print on thick paper, without gum, a large quantity of new postage stamps, to be used as currency. This will increase the resources of the Government materially, being a virtual loan to the national Treasury of several millions of dollars without interest, and remove much of the difficulty under which the community is now laboring. Postage stamps can be purchased by using United States Treasury notes. Congress has prohibited, under heavy penalties, the issue of bank-notes or other promises to pay under the denomination of one dollar.

"Other United States Stamps," which are also legalized by the Act, we presume are those created by the law authorizing the collection of an Income Tax, and which vary in denomination from one cent to five dollars. The Postage Stamps are of the several denominations of ONE, THREE, FIVE, TEN, TWELVE, TWENTY-FOUR, THIRTY, and NINETY cents. It is probable that the denominations which will be most in demand for change will be the FIVES, TENS, and THIRTIES. With a full supply of these, the change difficulty will be very effectually settled. The law is to go into operation on the 1st of August, so far as the receivability for small Government dues is concerned; virtually, and for purposes of currency, the law is in operation now, the demand on the Postmasters for Stamps being very great.

"Belle Boyd."—We see repeated allusions to a female bearing this appellation as a noted rebel spy. And yet we hear nothing either of her arrest, or of her being sent into the rebel lines, where she could do but little mischief. Do not our officers know that a female spy is often more dangerous than a male one?

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Ravenshoe. By Henry Kingsley, author of "Geoffrey Hamlyn." Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

The announcement of a new novel by the author of "Geoffrey Hamlyn," has created expectancy in those who have enjoyed the racy vigor and pleasant ease of that delightful story of Australian life and adventure. We find in "Ravenshoe" somewhat less of the artlessness and freshness that characterized the former work, but it enjoys the advantage of a more complicated and sustained plot, well carried out to the end.

The broad outline of the story,—the change made in infancy between the two foster-brothers, substituting the nurse's own child for the real heir,—is not a very novel one; but it is worked out in a fresh and original manner, and complicated by the addition of a minor plot which ends by restoring the hero to his fortunes and honors again. The crisis in which the discovery of the change of the foster-brothers is made is powerfully described; the despair with which Charles Ravenshoe feels the loss of name and rank and fortune, the severance of the ties between himself and those he has loved, "and above all the feeling of *loss of identity*, that he was not himself; that his whole existence from babyhood had been a lie." Yet through all this strong statement of the case it will occur to the American reader that this despair is, after all, disproportioned to the cause; that a man who possesses brains and hands in full vigor, has secured the advantages which education and culture can give him, and has kind friends ready to do all they can to atone for a misfortune which is not his fault, has no special need to rave at fate and consider his career in life disastrously closed because he finds that he has no hereditary rank; is the son of a game-keeper, instead of belonging to a "good old family."

It is, indeed, almost impossible for one reared under republican institutions to realize the mysterious importance which an Englishman attaches to noble descent, so called; which by no means insures real nobility of mind or heart, or even necessarily, the best style of culture. That wonderful thing called aristocracy of birth is a Fetish whose worship we are unable to comprehend. It is amusing to find the author of "Ravenshoe" making his hero turn out to be of "good family" after all, so accounting for the fact of his being so good a fellow, and so true a gentleman.

There is another point which strikes us curiously in this book; a point which we find made in nearly all the very modern literature of Young England. Whatever tangle the characters of a book are in, whatever social or political evils are discussed, the favorite remedy is to bring the Crimean war upon the stage, and to pack all the delinquent or suffering heroes off a soldiering. War seems to be, in the opinion of Messrs. Charles and Henry Kingsley, Alfred Tennyson, and a host of smaller names, a glorious end, instead of a terrible means; or else their works are a clear confession of incompetency to devise any other means to help their country in sad need. If the horrors of a warfare between two Christian nations beginning, as that war did, in no question of absolute right, and ending in no certain good, are the cheap purchase of a temporary alleviation of the troubles which agitate and torture the English body politic, then is their case a sadly hopeless one; and America, now agonising with pangs which we believe to be the birth-throes of such a liberty and such a national life as the world has never seen yet, can pity her elder sister, on whose life of to-day press so many past centuries, with a burden not to be lifted, we fear, but at the cost of such a terrible convulsion as we can, even yet, hardly imagine.

THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA—ADDRESS OF GEN. POPE TO HIS SOLDIERS.

To the Officers and Soldiers of the Army of Virginia:

By special assignment of the President of the United States, I have assumed the command of this army. I have spent two weeks in learning your whereabouts, your condition and your wants, in preparing you for active operations and in placing you in positions from which you can act promptly and to the purpose.

These labors are nearly completed, and I am about to join you in the field.

Let us understand each other. I have come from the West, where we have always seen the backs of our enemies—from an army whose business it has been to seek the adversary, and to beat him when he was found—whose policy has been attack and not defence. In but one case has the enemy been able to place our Western armies in a defensive attitude.

I presume that I have been called here to pursue them, and to lead you against the enemy. It is my purpose to do so, and that speedily. I am sure you long for an opportunity to win the distinction you are capable of achieving—that opportunity I shall endeavor to give you.

In the meantime, I desire you to dismiss from your minds certain phrases which I am sorry to find much in vogue among you. I hear constantly of taking strong positions and holding them, of lines of retreat and of bases of supplies. Let us discard such ideas.

The strongest position a soldier should desire to occupy is one from which he can most easily advance against the enemy. Let us study the probable lines of retreat of our opponents and leave our own to take care of themselves. Let us look before us and not behind. Success and glory are in the advance. Disaster and shame lurk in the rear.

Let us act on this understanding, and it is safe to predict that your banners shall be inscribed with many a glorious deed, and that your names will be dear to your countrymen forever. [Signed] John Pope,
Major-General Commanding.

The Confiscation and Militia Acts and Slavery.—The recent Act says that "all slaves of persons who shall *hereafter* be engaged in rebellion against the Government of the United States, or who shall in any way give aid or comfort thereto, escaping from such persons, and taking refuge within the lines of the army, and all slaves captured from such persons, or deserted by them and coming under the control of the Government of the United States; and all slaves of such persons *found or being within any place occupied by rebel forces, and afterward occupied by the forces of the United States*, shall be deemed captives of war, and shall be *forever free of their servitude, and not again held as slaves*," and that "the President of the United States is authorized to employ as many persons of African descent as he may deem necessary and proper for the suppression of this rebellion; and for this purpose he may organize and use them in such manner as he may judge best for the public welfare."

The Militia Bill gives authority to the President to employ slaves for constructing entrenchments, performing camp service, or any other labor, or *any military or naval service* for which they may be competent; and that when any male slave, who owes service to a rebel or to any one giving aid and comfort to the rebellion, shall have been employed or done service for the Union, *his mother, wife, and children shall forever thereafter be free, in case they owe service or labor to any person who has borne arms against the Union or adhered to or aided the rebels.*

The Total Loss at the Richmond Battles.—The following statement, says a Washington letter to the New York Times, which comes from an official source, may be relied upon as a perfectly correct enumeration of the Union losses during the six days' battles before Richmond:

Corps.	Killed.	Wound.	Missing.	Total.
Franklin,	245	1,318	1,179	2,737
Sumner,	170	1,068	848	2,086
Keyes,	69	507	201	777
Heintzelman,	189	1,051	833	2,073
Porter,	873	3,700	2,779	7,352
Cavalry,	19	60	97	176
Engineers,	—	2	21	23
Totals,	1,563	7,701	5,958	15,224

☞ Queen Victoria completed the twenty-fifth year of her reign as sovereign of Great Britain on the 20th of June. She is now in the prime of life, (being crowned at the early age of eighteen,) and has already reigned longer than most of her predecessors, but ten of whom wore the crown a quarter of a century, the longest reign being that of George III., who was king sixty years.

☞ There is a man in Totnes so witty that his wife manufactures all the butter that the family uses from the cream of his jokes.

THE PRESIDENT'S APPEAL TO THE BORDER STATES.

The Representatives and Senators of the Border Slaveholding States having, by special invitation of the President, been convened at the Executive Mansion on Saturday morning last, Mr. Lincoln addressed them as follows from a written paper held in his hands:

Gentlemen: After the adjournment of Congress, now near, I shall have no opportunity of seeing you for several months. Believing that you of the Border States hold more power for good than any other equal number of members, I feel it a duty which I cannot justifiably waive, to make this appeal to you.

I intend no reproach or complaint when I assure you that, in my opinion, if you all had voted for the resolution in the Gradual Emancipation Message of last March, the war would now be substantially ended. And the plan therein proposed is yet one of the most potent and swift means of ending it.—Let the states which are in rebellion see definitely and certainly that in no event will the states you represent ever join their proposed Confederacy, and they cannot much longer maintain the contest. But you cannot divest them of their hope to ultimately have you with them so long as you show a determination to perpetuate the institution within your own states. Beat them at elections, as you have overwhelmingly done, and, nothing daunted, they still claim you as their own.—You and I know what the lever of their power is. Break that lever before their faces, and they can shake you no more forever.

Most of you have treated me with kindness and consideration, and I trust you will not now think I improperly touch what is exclusively your own, when, for the sake of the whole country, I ask, "Can you, for your states, do better than to take the course I urge?" Discarding *punctilio* and maxims adapted to more manageable times, and looking only to the unprecedentedly stern facts of our case, can you do better in any possible event? You prefer that the constitutional relation of the states to the nation shall be practically restored without disturbance of the institution; and if this were done, my whole duty in this respect, under the Constitution and my oath of office, would be performed. But it is not done, and we are trying to accomplish it by war. The incidents of the war cannot be avoided. If the war continues long, as it must, if the object be not sooner attained, the institution in your states will be extinguished by mere friction and abrasion—by the mere incidents of the war. It will be gone, and you will have nothing valuable in lieu of it. Much of its value is gone already. How much better for you and for your people to take the step which at once shortens the war, and secures substantial compensation for that which is sure to be wholly lost in any other event!—How much better to thus save the money which else we sink forever in the war! How much better to do it while we can, lest the war ere long render us pecuniarily unable to do it! How much better for you, as seller, and the nation, as buyer, to sell out and buy out that without which the war could never have been, than to sink both the thing to be sold and the price of it in cutting one another's throats!

I do not speak of emancipation *at once*, but of a *decision* at once to emancipate *gradually*. Room in South America for colonization can be obtained cheaply, and in abundance, and when numbers shall be large enough to be company and encouragement for one another, the freed people will not be so reluctant to go.

I am pressed with a difficulty not yet mentioned—one which threatens division among those who, united, are none too strong. An instance of it is known to you. Gen. Hunter is an honest man. He was, and I still hope is, my friend. I valued him none the less for his agreeing with me in the general wish that all men everywhere could be freed. He proclaimed all men free within certain states, and I repudiated the proclamation. He expected more good and less harm from the measure than I could believe would follow. Yet, in repudiating it, I gave dissatisfaction, if not offence, to many whose support the country cannot afford to lose. And this is not the end of it. The pressure in this direction is still upon me and is increasing. By conceding what I now ask you can relieve me, and, much more, can relieve the country in this important point.

Upon these considerations I have again begged your attention to the message of March last. Before leaving the capital, consider and discuss it among yourselves. You are patriots and statesmen, and as such I pray you consider this proposition; and, at the least, commend it to the consideration of your states and people. As you would perpetuate popular government for the best people in the world, I beseech you that you do in no wise omit this. Our common country is in great peril, demanding the loftiest views and boldest action to bring a speedy relief. Once relieved, its form of government is saved to the world; its beloved history and cherished memories are vindicated, and its happy future fully assured and rendered inconceivably grand. To you more than to any others, the privilege is given to assure that happiness and swell that grandeur, and to link your own names therewith forever.

[At the conclusion of these remarks some conversation was had between the President and several members of the delegations from the Border states, in which it was represented that these states could not be expected to move in so great a matter as that brought to their notice in the foregoing address, while as yet, the Congress had taken no step beyond the passage of a resolution, expressive rather of a sentiment than presenting a substantial and reliable basis of action.

The President acknowledged the force of this view, and admitted that the Border states were entitled to expect a substantial pledge of pecuniary aid as the condition of taking into consideration a proposition so important in its relations to their social system.

It was further represented, in the conference, that the people of the Border states were interested in knowing the great importance which the President attached to the policy in question, while it was equally due to the country, to the President, and to themselves, that the Representatives of the Border Slaveholding states should publicly announce the motives under which they were called to act, and the consideration of public policy urged upon them and their constituents by the President.

With a view to such a statement of their position, the members thus addressed met in council to deliberate on the reply they should make to the President, and, as the result of a comparison of opinions among themselves, they determined upon the adoption of a majority and a minority answer.—*National Intelligencer.*]

The purport of the first, the majority answer, the following passage will sufficiently indicate:

"Confine yourself to your constitutional authority; confine your subordinates within the same limits; conduct this war solely for the purpose of restoring the Constitution to its legitimate authority: concede to each state and its loyal citizens their just rights, and we are wedded to you by indissoluble ties. Do this, Mr. President, and you touch the American heart and invigorate it with new hope. You will, as we solemnly believe, in due time restore peace to your country."

The majority answer is signed by twenty names, as follows:—C. A. Wickliffe, Chairman; B. Wilson, John S. Carlile, J. S. Jackson, John S. Phelps, Charles B. Calvert, Edwin H. Webster, Aaron Harding, Garrett Davis, Thos. L. Price, Wm. A. Hall, J. J. Crittenden, J. W. Crisfield, H. Grider, Francis Thomas, C. L. L. Leary, R. Mallory, James S. Rollins, J. W. Menzies, G. W. Dunlap.

The tone of the minority answer may also be inferred from the following passage:—"We are not disposed to seek for the cause of present misfortunes in the errors and wrongs of others who now propose to unite with us in a common purpose. But, on the other hand, meet your address in the spirit in which it was made, and, as loyal Americans, declare to you and to the world that there is no sacrifice that we are not ready to make to save the Government and institutions of our fathers. That we, few of us though there may be, will permit no men, from the North or from the South, to go farther than we in the accomplishment of the great work before us. That, in order to carry out these views we will, so far as may be in our power, ask the people of the Border states, calmly, deliberately, and fairly to consider your recommendation. We are the more emboldened to assume this position from the fact, now become history, that the leaders of the Southern rebellion have offered to abolish slavery amongst them as a condition to foreign intervention in favor of their independence as a nation.

"If they can give up slavery to *destroy* the Union, we can surely ask our people to consider the question of emancipation to *save* the Union."

The minority answer is signed by seven names, as follows:—John W. Noell, George P. Fisher, Wm. G. Brown, W. F. Willey, Samuel S. Casey, A. J. Clements, Jacob B. Blair. Horace Maynard makes a separate answer, also acquiescing in the wish of the President.

NEWS ITEMS.

Uneasy.—The Huntsville (Ala.) Reveille says that the rumor that the Kentucky and Tennessee regiments in the Confederate army have to be constantly guarded to prevent them from deserting in a body, is daily corroborated by prisoners and deserters.

The rebel artillery at the battle of White Oak Swamp fired gas pipes from their field pieces, charged with gunpowder. This pipe was taken from the street mains of Richmond, they having no shell.

The Jersey Blues.—Rev. R. B. Yard, chaplain of the N. J. 1st regiment, writes that he had seen the official report of General Hooker of the battle of Fair Oaks, and says: "When this is published you will learn facts which will gladden the heart of every Jerseyman. The exalted mention made of the conduct of the 5th and 6th regiments, N. J. V., is gratifying indeed. According to this these two regiments turned the tide of battle, on Sunday, by a bayonet charge—usually ascribed to the Excelsior Brigade—which Gen. Hooker pronounces the grandest fighting he ever heard of."

According to present reports, it does not appear that the Russian grain harvest will be large this year. In the South, the crops have been burned up, and in the North they have had cold and wet. The cold at the date of the last letter was described as unprecedented at this season.

Bachelor's Paradise.—A gentleman who writes to a contemporary, complaining of the sufferings he endured at the Exhibition through excess of crinoline, makes a suggestion. "I trust," he says, "Her Majesty's commissioners may be induced to set apart a one shilling day, when gentlemen only can be admitted; and you may depend upon it, sir, that thousands would embrace this glorious opportunity of visiting the Exhibition without being cabined, cribbed, confined, in a world of obnoxious hoops and stiff crinolines."—*English Paper.*

It may not be generally known to the descendants of the Puritans, that the barque Mayflower, which bore their ancestors to the rocky shore of Massachusetts, subsequently engaged in the slave trade. Hawthorne alludes to the circumstance in an article contributed to the Atlantic Monthly for July.

It is estimated that there are now on furlough fifty thousand enlisted men, most of whom are in a condition to rejoin their regiments. Large numbers of these are officers, and their absence is a great disadvantage to their regiments. For shame, gentlemen!

The Richmond *Dispatch* has a telegram from Mobile saying there is no truth in the reported capture by the rebels of Baton Rouge.

Gen. McClellan has been reinforced by the division of Gen. Stevens, from South Carolina. It is said to consist in part of the Seventy-ninth New York, Fiftieth Pennsylvania, Eighth Michigan, Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania, Twenty-eighth Massachusetts, Seventh Connecticut, and of two batteries of artillery. All the sick and disabled men of the command were left behind.

Important Movement.—Intelligence from the War Department announces that a portion of Gen. Pope's army has advanced to Gordonsville and destroyed the railroad connections there, which cuts off the rebels at Richmond from all railroad communication by way of the Virginia Central, or the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. This will cripple Jackson in any future attempt to molest the Valley of the Shenandoah.

Springfield, Illinois, July 18.—The prospects for the formation of the new regiments are most flattering. Already a hundred companies have been offered.

The Contrabands.—Gen. Saxton reports to the War Department, under date of Beaufort, S. C., July 10th:—"The negroes are working industriously. We have some 15,000 acres of corn and cotton under cultivation, and it looks well. The system of voluntary labor works admirably. The people are contented and happy. When the new crop is harvested they will cease to be a burden upon the government. By adopting a judicious system of reward for labor, almost any amount can be obtained. Its proceeds will pay the expense."

Rebel Cruelty.—The Charleston (S. C.) Courier says:—"An order had been extended for every family to leave Galveston, Texas, it having been determined, as in the case of Vicksburg, to defend it to the last. This order has been complied with, except by some seven families. The parties being suspected, their homes were searched, when the stars and stripes were discovered, intended to be hung out should the Federals take the city. All those guilty of this treason were taken out immediately and hung."

☞ Pressed Vegetables.—A soldier writing about the food, says:—"We get a substance for soup called pressed vegetables. It looks a good deal like a big plug of tobacco in shape and solidity, composed in part of potatoes, onions, beans, garlic, parsley, parsnips, carrots, &c. I acknowledge eating two large tin plates full, and I can now speak the German language with fluency."

☞ Young women are never in more danger of being made slaves than when the men are at their feet.

The Richmond Papers on Gens Pope and McClellan.—Washington, July 18.—The Richmond Enquirer, of the 15th, appears to be alarmed at the order of our War Department, concentrating the forces of McDowell, Fremont, and Banks, under General Pope, and reminds its readers in that quarter that he is notoriously one of the most dangerous of the Union commanders; an officer of great activity and daring, and is very apt to do unexampled things. It adds that the foray into Orange county, and the destruction of the railroad bridge over the Rapidan, by the enemy, is a challenge on the part of Pope, that our (the rebel) Generals have now to take up.

The Richmond Enquirer, in commenting on the threatening aspect of Gen. McClellan's present operations, says:—"We must again dig, dig, dig, or McClellan will dig into Richmond. The spade can only be conquered with the spade, and the shovel will always defeat them."

Of President Lincoln's recent visit to the Army of the Potomac, the Enquirer says:—"A dirty trio, Lincoln, Stanton, and Winfield Scott, passed by Old Point on Thursday last, en route for McClellan's headquarters, at or near Berkley. A gentleman who saw the steamer which conveyed this dirty trio of Yankee negro stealers, says there was a band of music on board, and many flags and streamers fluttering gaily to the breeze."

☞ The state of New York has now in the service of the General Government, no less than 105 regiments of infantry, and eight of cavalry, and five of artillery, with a number of battalions and batteries. The casualties of war have greatly reduced this force from the original standard, but it is estimated that full 85,000 effective men are now in service belonging to this state.

☞ An officious informer came to tell Cardinal Richelieu of certain free expressions some persons had used in speaking of him. "Why, how now?" said the Cardinal, "do you dare come here and call me these names to my face, under the pretence of their having been said by honest gentlemen?" and, ringing his bell, said to the page in waiting: "Kick that fellow down stairs."

☞ Living not a thousand miles from here, are an old man and his son, both of whom are a little given to "cups," a very unusual thing in the vicinity, by the way. A short time since it happened they became very "happy" together, and after a season of "enjoyment," something occurred to ruffle the even "current of their minds"—in other words, they got mad at each other. Bitter words passed between them, till finally, the son, enraged, exclaimed:—"Father, you're a missable ol' coot; 'f ye 'as dead, I wouldn't go t'yr fun'ral." "Now, see 'ere, Ward," replied the old man, "you shouldn't feel so torze me. I don't feel so torze you. Now, if you sh'd die, I'd tend your funeral—itz pleasure!"

☞ A mechanic having taken a new apprentice, awoke him the first morning at a very early hour, by calling out that the family were sitting down to table. "Thank you," said the boy, as he turned over in bed to adjust himself for a new nap, "thank you, but I never eat anything during the night."

☞ One of the most important female qualities is sweetness of temper. Heaven did not give to woman insinuation and persuasion, in order to be surly; it did not make them weak, in order to be imperious; it did not give them sweet voices to be employed in scolding.

☞ The sensitive actor, who couldn't stay in the same room with a tea-urn, on account of its hissing, has just been killed by a burst of applause.

☞ A popular writer, speaking of the ocean telegraph, wonders whether the news transmitted through the salt water will be fresh?

☞ A Texan and Illinois farmer were speaking of raising corn, etc., and the Illinois man was boasting of the superior yield of prairie land, and telling large stories, as all Western men can do, to which the Texan replied: "I'll tell you what, stranger, they make large corn in your clearing, but it ain't a circumstance to what we raise on the Colorado bottoms. Why, the corn there averages thirty feet in height, with twelve ears to a stalk, and a gourd full of shelled corn at the top!"

☞ The best way of preserving meats Invite none but vegetarians to dine with you.

☞ The difference between a speech and an essay should be something like that between a field of battle and a parade.

☞ A venerable clergyman whom we know, is accustomed to pray very specifically. Lately, asking for the total overthrow of the rebels, he added:—"We acknowledge the weakness of our faith when we ask for their repentance."

☞ "Ed," said a customer who had just purchased a bottle of Bourbon from the jocose apothecary who keeps on post-office corner, "can you tell me why whiskey always tastes smoky?" "It is because it always comes in pipes," replied the compounder of pills.

☞ Napoleon was one day searching for a book in his library, and at last discovered it on a shelf somewhat above his reach. Marshal Moncey, one of the tallest men in the army, stepped forward, saying, "Permit me, sire; I am higher than your Majesty." "You are longer, Marshal," said the Emperor, with a frown.

☞ At my decease and burial," said Francis Jackson, the widely-known Boston philanthropist, "I desire that forms and ceremonies may be avoided, and all emblems of mourning and processions to the grave. Such irrational and wasteful customs rest on fashion or superstition, certainly not on reason or common sense. The dead body is of no more consequence than the old clothes that covered it. Nothing should be wasted on the dead, when there is so much ignorance and suffering among the living."

☞ "That's a favorite stream for trout, friend," observed a piscatorial acquaintance the other day, to a genuine sprig from the Emerald Isle, who was whipping away with great vigor at a well-known subscription pool. "Faith, and it must be that same, sure enough," returned Pat; "devise a one of 'em'll stir out of it."

LATEST NEWS.

Interesting News from Richmond.

Memphis, July 17.—The Grenada (Miss.) Appeal of the 15th inst. contains the following dispatch:—

Mobile, July 15.—A special dispatch to the Advertiser of this city, states that the Richmond Enquirer publishes the following military intelligence:—"It is no longer doubtful that our lines have been brought closer to Richmond, but a large force has been left immediately in front of the enemy as an obstruction to any advance movement on his part."

On last Monday, Gen. Stuart, with a few pieces of artillery, again made a circuit of McClellan's position, reaching the James River below him, and opened fire on a large fleet of transports, sinking one of them and crippling several others.

Daring Exploit of a Rebel Gunboat on the Mississippi.

New York, July 20.—A special dispatch to the New York *Tribune*, dated Memphis, the 17th inst., says:

The Grenada Appeal has Vicksburg dispatches of the 15th, announcing that the rebel gunboat Arkansas, Captain J. N. Brown, came down the Yazoo river, sunk three of our gunboats, and arrived safe under the Vicksburg batteries.

The rebel loss was 10 killed and 13 wounded.

The Arkansas is a very formidable boat. That she has come out is probably true. The rest is improbable.

Miscellaneous.

The town of Henderson, Ky., was occupied by about 40 guerillas, who were cheered and treated with great consideration by many citizens as they entered the town.

The Roanoke, from New Orleans on the 12th, reached New York on Saturday night. Gen. Shepley had received his appointment as Military Governor of Louisiana. Hon. Reverdy Johnson had arrived. The organization of one regiment of Louisianians had commenced; arms, clothing, &c., had arrived from the North for five regiments. In consequence of an arrival of flour its price has been reduced from $38 and $40 to $24.

It is generally believed that there are about 12,000 men in the valley of the Kanawha, under Jackson and Beverly Robinson. It seems that the men of that portion of the country all fly to arms as soon as the approach of our troops is announced, but on the removal of our forces they subside into farmers and peaceable citizens.

Extensive fortifications around Memphis are rapidly approaching completion, and are intended as permanent forts of defence.

The Federal officers and soldiers who were wounded and taken prisoners during the battle of seven days before Richmond, are being released on their parole, to be exchanged at some future time.

Our troops at Nashville have received heavy reinforcements under Gen. Nelson.

The rebels on the southern bank of the Tennessee river, in Alabama, are being heavily reinforced.

Hon. John S. Phelps has been appointed Military Governor of Arkansas, and will soon leave Washington to assume the duties of his office.

A railroad train while running from Huntsville to Nashville, Tenn., on Saturday, was thrown off the track. Several persons were killed and about forty wounded. Gen. Mitchell's family were on the train, but escaped unhurt. Several arrests were made.

At a recent fight in the Indian nation, several detachments of Kansas regiments captured a number of prisoners, a large number of horses, ponies, and cattle, a large quantity of camp and garrison equipage, and fifty stand of arms. Fifteen hundred loyal Indians are about joining our troops.

Harrisburg, Pa., July 19th, 1862.—It was announced this morning that recruits to fill up the new requisition would be accepted for nine months.

Charleston, S. C.—The enemy landed in force yesterday, on the main land, near Port Royal Ferry, as if for another attack against the Charleston and Savannah railroad, but they retreated on the approach of our troops.

Foreign News.

The North American brings the following European news:—A large open air meeting had been held at Stockport for the purpose of petitioning Parliament to use its influence to bring about a reconciliation between the Northern and Southern states in America, in order to secure cotton.

The news of the fighting before Richmond had been received in England, and excited great attention.

The London Daily News treats the result of the fighting as a serious reverse to the Federals, and as likely to lengthen out rather than shorten the war.

The London Times says that the strategetical movements of General McClellan are purely unintelligible, and adds that the recent events must infuse new energy into the confederate arms, and may produce results calculated to lead to a cessation of hostilities, and eventually to the termination of the war.

Admiral De La Gravier had left Paris for Cherbourg to embark for Mexico.

The report of Russia interfering in favor of Austria or the Pontifical States is not credited.

Important Dispatch from Gen. Pope.

Descent on Virginia Central Railroad—Destruction of the Track—Capture of Rebel Ammunition and Stores.

Headquarters Army of Virginia,
Washington, July 21, 1862.

To the Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:—The cavalry expedition I directed Gen. King to send out on 19th, has returned. They left Fredericksburg at 7 o'clock, P. M., on the 19th, and after a forced march during the night, made a descent upon the Virginia Central Railroad at Beaver dam Creek twenty-five miles west of Hanover Junction, and thirty-five miles from Richmond.

They destroyed the track for several miles, together with the telegraph line, burned up the railroad depot, which contained 40,000 rounds of musket ammunition, 100 barrels of flour, and much other valuable property; and brought in a captain who was in charge as a prisoner.

The whole country around was thrown into a great state of alarm. One private was wounded on our side.

The cavalry marched eighty miles in thirty hours. The affair was most successful, and reflects high credit upon the commanding officer and his troops.

As soon as the full particulars are received, I will transmit to you the name of the commanding officer of the troops engaged.

I am, sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
John Pope,
Major-General Commanding.

☞ The Difference.—An old English hunting song tells us that "The lark springs from the corn." On this side of the Atlantic the lark generally springs from the corn whiskey.

ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I ever was before!

Nearer my Father's house,—
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea!

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer wearing the crown!

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the dark and shadowy stream
That bursts at last into light!

Father, perfect my love;
Strengthen the might of my faith;
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shore of death—

Feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping over the brink;
For it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now than I think!

TETE A TETE WITH A LION.

In the year 18—, I set out from King William's Town, in British Caffraria, in company with a brother-officer, on a shooting expedition in quest of "big game"—a name given at the Cape to elephants, elands, giraffes, hartebeests, and larger species of antelopes. The excursion had been long planned and looked forward to; and at last the leave of absence "on urgent private affairs" being granted, one fine spring morning we set out. The party consisted of C——— and myself, who travelled on horseback; our English servant, who had charge of our two led horses; and two Hottentots, one of whom drove the wagon, and the other acted as conductor to the leading pair out of the fourteen oxen by which it was drawn. In the wagon were stowed away some cooking utensils of the roughest description, a belt-tent, some biscuit and flour for ourselves, and a small supply of oats for the horses, to be reserved for a *bonne bouche* after extra hard work. Our party was completed by six pointers, destined to assist in the capture of the smaller game. For the more solid parts of our daily meals we trusted to our guns, which kept us pretty well supplied; and at evening we always looked out for some spot well supplied with wood and water, where we could encamp for the night. Perhaps those evening halts were the pleasantest hours in the whole expedition, when the wagon was *out-spanned*, as the Cape phrase goes, the fire lighted, the game cooked and eaten, and our party drew round the fire of acacia-wood, to discuss the day's adventures over a cup of coffee and a pipe of cavendish. Sometimes, when our way lay through inhabited districts, our impromptu soiree was attended by Bushmen, Hottentots, or friendly Caffres, who had accompanied us during the day, pointing out the likeliest places for game, or "spooring" an eland or a hartebeest, over ground where no European eye could discover the slightest trace of the footprints of any living creature. They were most useful to us, and thought themselves amply recompensed by a share in our supper, and a place by our fire. They often proved most entertaining companions; and as C——— spoke a little Caffre, and several of them spoke broken Dutch, we were able to make out their stories. Told as they were in those strange lonely places, by the wood-fire, which cast its weird shadows on the tawny face of the narrator, with the darkness all round us, and the strange noises breaking now and then on that vast silence and solitude, every tale of peril and adventure, of doing and daring, sounded terribly real; far more so than I can make them appear, when read in an English drawing-room so many thousand miles from the great wilds to which they belong.

Nevertheless, one of these stories made such an impression on me, that I am tempted to record it here, hoping to convey to others some faint degree of the breathless interest with which it was listened to by C——— and myself, as it was narrated by one of these chance acquaintances, a wiry little Hottentot, who sat crouching over the fire, helping out his story by graceful gesticulation, which increased in energy as our absorbed attention flattered and pleased him.

Some years back, he told us, when he was a mere lad, he was in the service of a Dutch farmer in the Orange River Territory, a part of the country much infested by lions. It was his duty to drive his master's cattle to pasture every morning, and to bring them back to the farm at night, an employment which left a good many idle hours on his hands; and what boy, Hottentot or European, could, under such circumstances, have resisted an occasional ramble after the decoying honey-bird, or in search of ostrich eggs, or of some of the other numerous treasures so congenial to boy-nature, with which those regions abound. The cattle who, during their keeper's absence, were, of course, left to their own devices, generally proved quite capable of taking care of themselves; but on one occasion, when the Hottentot counted them over before driving them home, he perceived that a fine milch cow was missing, having doubtless availed herself of one of his truant absences to wander away from the rest. To search for her then was impossible, and he could only trust to the carelessness of the upper servants, who often neglected to count over the animals as they entered the kraal. In this hope he was not deceived: the loss passed unnoticed; and he resolved that it should be replaced, if possible, before he had again to risk the chance of discovery. Animated by the remembrance of former punishments, he set out alone, and without telling any one, in quest of the missing cow. He took with him a little dried meat, and a gourd containing water, and started at a pace which few of his countrymen could have equalled, fleet of foot as they are; the immediate dread of the "samboch," or whip of rhinoceros hide, quite putting the more remote dangers of his lonely journey out of his head. An hour or two of daylight still remained, and he had no difficulty in finding the "spoor" of the lost animal, which the unerring intelligence of his race enabled him to distinguish from that of any other of the herd; and he followed it steadily, until the failing light made it undistinguishable from the foot-marks of the wildebeest or gnu which crossed and recrossed it perpetually. It became necessary to halt, and give up the pursuit for that night, and he did so, though feeling thoroughly disheartened at the non-appearance of the cow, for whose safety he now felt the most serious uneasiness. His own also became a matter of anxiety, as night closed in, with the sudden darkness of a tropical climate, and found him alone in that desolate country, far from all human help, and without any means of defence. He was not long in resolving what to do: he was determined, at all hazards, to find his lost charge, and would almost have preferred dying where he was to returning without her; besides which, it would have been madness to attempt to retrace his steps in the dark; so, after marking with his stick the spot on which he had left the "spoor," he looked about for some tree in which he could pass the night. He soon selected an acacia tree, which grew close by, and lost no time in climbing up and settling himself in a fork of the branches. He ate and drank sparingly, keeping a supply for the necessities of the morrow, and then completing his preparations by lashing himself to the main branch with his waist-belt, he drew his sheepskin blanket over his head, and composed himself to sleep. It was a still night; the silence only broken at intervals by the shrill notes of the screech-owl, the howl of the jackal, or the dreary laugh of the hyena—sounds to which our friend was too well accustomed to be kept awake by them.

How long he slept, he did not know, but he was awakened by a noise far different from any of those which had been mixing with his dreams—a noise which, once heard, could never be forgotten. Full, deep, and ominously near rose the dreadful sound, waking all the echoes for miles around, yet seeming to come from under his very feet—the terrible roar of a hungry lion.

Loud as it was, it failed to rouse the tired boy into full consciousness, though it made him start till he strained the belt which fastened him to the tree. Scared and bewildered, and still only half-awake, he fancied for a moment that he was actually falling into the jaws of a lion; then asked himself, was the terrible sound a dream, conjured up by his unwonted sleeping-place? A second roar thoroughly awakened him, and looking down, he saw in the moonlight a large, black-maned lion seated at the foot of the tree, his eyes fixed on himself, and his body motionless, save for an occasional angry lash of his tail.

It was a dreadful moment; and the hours which followed were more dreadful still. All through that terrible night the savage beast sat watching his intended victim, and the terrified boy sat motionless also, afraid to stir, and almost to breathe, lest he should exasperate the lion. Once his cramped attitude became unbearable; come what might, he felt that he *must* stretch his stiffened limbs for a moment; and, as noiselessly as possible, he shifted his position; but he paid dearly for the momentary relief, for at his first cautious movement, the lion rose with a roar, and sprang at the tree, high enough to make the Hottentot's blood run cold, though not high enough to reach him. As he threw himself back, and coiled his limbs into a still more cramped position, he could hear the deadly claws scraping down the tree, with a sound which might well make his heart die within him. Again the disappointed animal took up his post at the foot of the tree; and now the moon began to wane, and again the sudden darkness came down on the face of the earth, and brought a little respite to the prisoner in the acacia tree. Under its friendly shelter, he could at least stretch his stiff legs, and in spite of the horror of his situation, he dozed from time to time, always waking with a start to the same bewildered wonder, as to whether all this was a reality or a dream. He was finally wakened by the raw, cold air which precedes the dawn, and by the rushing by of a herd of antelopes, fleeing before the face of the common enemy. It may be imagined in what breathless suspense he watched for the day which would probably decide his fate, how eagerly he listened for some sound which might show him whether or not the lion had abandoned his post. Once the cry of a springbok fawn, calling its mother, gave him hope; if the lion was still there, would not the creature's instinct warn it to flee? All too soon, however, the light grew stronger, and, by degrees, showed him the grim form at the foot of the tree—first in outline only, then the gleaming white teeth became visible, the cruel eyes still glaring up at him, the black mane, the savage face. Through all that long night the lion had not stirred.

More wretched hours, and then the sun rose hot and scorching, darting its unsparing rays on the poor Hottentot, till his brain throbbed painfully. The lion, too, was evidently distressed; his tongue was lolling out of his mouth, his tail lashed his flanks uneasily. At last, towards noon, heat and thirst seemed to overcome him; and, with a throbbing heart, the lad saw him moving slowly off. But he was mistaken if he supposed the relentless animal would abandon his prey so easily; he stalked away a few paces, and then stopped, looking back with a low growl, a precaution which he repeated every minute or two, until he reached a pool of water, about two hundred yards from the tree, when he quenched his thirst, and hurried back to his post. All hope seemed gone now; and, almost in despair, the Hottentot saw day fade into evening, and evening into night.

It is useless to describe that second night; it was worse than the first, inasmuch as the terrible end seemed more certain, and mind and body were alike worn out with terror and utter weariness; but, on the other hand, he was somewhat reassured by the failure of the lion's repeated attempts to reach him with a spring; and when daylight returned he ventured, after refreshing himself with a little food and water, to climb higher up to a post whence he could look in the direction of his master's farm. His last hope now was that the farmer or some of his fellow servants might discover his absence, and come in search of him; and long and wearily did he strain his eyes in that direction. The rage of the lion, when he saw his prisoner move, was fearful to witness: he tore up the ground, bit the tree, and furrowed it with his claws; but the Hottentot felt more secure in his position than he had done at first, and, besides, the very despair of his situation gave him courage. Through all the hot hours of that long day he remained on the look out, often fancying that the indistinct forms of the hartebeests or gnus were those of his master, or some of his stalwart sons, with their long rifles, coming to the rescue.

But every hope ended in disappointment; and at last, late in the afternoon, he gave it up in utter despair, and prepared, with a sinking heart, to return to his former place, the only one in which he could fasten himself securely. As he began his cautious descent, his eyes were caught by four dark objects in the distance coming towards him. His strained and dizzy eyes could hardly distinguish them, but surely, surely, they were advancing; did his longing hope deceive him again, or was their line too even, their advance too regular, for that of a troop of wild animals? This time he was not mistaken; they came on slowly, but surely, and presently he could distinguish their forms, could see that they were four men on horseback. A slight rising ground hid the lion from any one in that direction until within twenty yards of him. In all the tumult of his sudden relief the Hottentot could perceive that; and taking off his sheep-skin, he waved it over his head, shouting with all his strength, "A lion! a lion!" long before his voice could reach his deliverers. They, meanwhile, came steadily on; and now he could recognize them, the old farmer himself heading the party, two of his tall sons, rifle in hand—a welcome sight—and a Hottentot servant carrying a flint musket. The lion was raging furiously, maddened by the cries and gestures of his prisoner, who only thought of warning the advancing party of their danger, before they came on the animal unawares.

Suddenly the Hottentot, who had dismounted, and was following the 'spoor' on foot, stopped and looked up. Either the boy's cries had reached his ear, or his quick eye had caught sight of his figure, for he pointed towards the tree, and then, in an instant, he was on his horse, and the whole party advanced at a brisk gallop. This was a moment of great suspense to the poor worn-out Hottentot, who could hardly find voice to send out his warning cry: "A lion! a lion!" He saw the advancing party gallop on till, on gaining the rising ground, they suddenly halted—they had seen the lion.

The magnificent beast became aware of their presence at the same moment, and, with leisurely pace, advanced to meet them; then stood still, moving his tail slowly from side to side, and uttering a suppressed growl. His rage was a splendid sight; but it may be believed that his adversaries did not lose much time in contemplating it. They had hastily dismounted, and tied their horses together, with their heads turned away from the lion, lest terror should render them unmanageable, and now they advanced on foot. The old Boor, who had shot many a lion in his day, headed the party; close behind followed his eldest son, and the remaining two brought up the rear; all moving firmly and cautiously, and each with a finger on his trigger. The lion moved a step or two to meet them, then suddenly crouched, with his head resting on his fore-paws, and remained so still, when his enemies had approached to within twenty paces of him, he began slowly and noiselessly to rise to his feet. As slowly, as noiselessly, did the old farmer drop on his knee, the others following his example: at the same moment all four raised their guns to their shoulders, and, as the lion was in the act of springing, the sharp crack of the three rifles and the dead report of the flint musket were heard at once. There was a terrible roar of pain and baffled rage, and the noble animal bounded forward in his agony, and fell at the feet of the farmer and his son. How the Hottentot got down from the tree he never knew: he remembered nothing afterwards until he stood by the dying lion and saw him receive his *coup de grace* by a ball through the head. The farmer pronounced him the finest lion he had ever seen, and was so rejoiced at his death and at the safety of his servant, that our friend escaped the punishment, from dread of which he had nearly run so horrible a fate. Of the truant cow, less fortunate than her keeper, only the larger bones were found not far from the scene of this adventure.

☞ In the days of the old volunteers, Mr. Ker Greenock, of Nairn, Scotland, commanded a company, which he duly drilled and paraded, but his recruits were but an awkward squad; they never would draw up in a straight line, do what he might. "Oh!" he cried one day, holding up his hand in horror as he looked along the front rank—"Oh! what a bent row! Just come out, lads, and look at it yourselves!"

☞ The rebel organs still swear that all the cotton and sugar of the South shall be burned. As nine-tenths of the lovely women of the South are sugar, and the other tenth are cotton, the Nashville *Union* fears that the "female persuasion"—as Artemus Ward calls them—of Dixie, will be exterminated sure enough.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S OPINION OF THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. Anthony Trollope is the son of the somewhat famous lady who thirty or forty years ago set up a bazaar in Cincinnati, lost her money and her temper, and wrote a spiteful book against the United States. He himself is one of the cleverest novelists of the day, and has now written a book of travel in America. Being himself a prosperous man, he naturally thinks that an Englishman like himself occupies the most desirable position in the world. But he acknowledges, over and over again, that nine-tenths of his countrymen "would have a better life as Americans than they possibly can have as Englishmen." Here are a few passages, taken almost at random from quite different parts of the work:

AMERICANS AND ENGLISHMEN.

"The one thing in which, as far as my judgment goes, the people of the United States have excelled us Englishmen, so as to justify them in taking to themselves praise which we cannot take to ourselves or refuse to them, is the matter of education. * * * and unrivalled population, wealth and intelligence have been the results; and with these looking at the whole mass of the people—I think I am justified in saying—unrivalled comfort and happiness. It is not that you, my reader, to whom, in this matter of education, fortune and your parents have been bountiful, would have been more happy in New York than in London. It is not that I, who, at any rate, can read and write, have cause to wish that I had been an American. But it is this: if you and I can count up in a day all those on whom our eyes may rest, and learn the circumstances of their lives, we shall be driven to conclude that nine-tenths of that number would have had a better life as Americans than they can have in their sphere as Englishmen.

"If a man can forget his own miseries in his journeyings, and think of the people he comes to see rather than himself, I think he will find himself driven to admit that education has made life for the million in the Northern States better than life for the million is with us.

"I do not know any contrast that would be more surprising to an Englishman, up to that moment ignorant of the matter, than that which he would find by visiting first of all a free school in London, and then a free school in New York. * * * The female pupil at a free school in London is, as a rule, either a ragged pauper or a charity girl, if not degraded, at least stigmatized by the badges and dress of the Charity. We Englishmen know well the type of each, and have a fairly correct idea of the amount of education which is imparted to them. We see the result afterwards when the same girls become our servants, and the wives of our grooms and porters. The female pupil at a free school in New York is neither a pauper nor a charity girl. She is dressed with the utmost decency. She is perfectly cleanly. In speaking to her, you cannot in any degree guess whether her father has a dollar a day or three thousand dollars a year. Nor will you be enabled to guess by the manner in which her associates treat her. As regards her own manner to you, it is always the same as though her father were in all respects your equal."

WESTERN PIONEER FARMER.

"But yet this man has his romance, his high poetic feeling, and, above all, his manly dignity. Visit him, and you will find him without coat or waistcoat, unshorn, in ragged blue trowsers and old flannel shirt, too often bearing on his lantern jaws the signs of ague and sickness; but he will stand upright before you and speak to you with all the ease of a lettered gentleman in his own library. All the odious incivility of the republican servant has been banished. He is his own master, standing on his own threshhold, and finds no need to assert his equality by rudeness. He is delighted to see you, and bids you sit down on his battered bench without dreaming of any such apology as an English cotter offers to a Lady Bountiful when she calls.

"He has worked out his independence, and shows it in every easy movement of his body. He tells you of it unconsciously in every tone of his voice. You will always find in his cabin some newspaper, some book, some token of advance in education. When he questions you about the old country he astonishes you by the extent of his knowledge. I defy you not to feel that he is superior to the race from whence he has sprung in England or in Ireland. To me I confess that the manliness of such a man is very charming. He is dirty and perhaps squalid. His children are sick and he is without comforts. His wife is pale, and you think you see shortness of life written in the faces of all the family. But over and above it all there is an independence which sits gracefully on their shoulders, and teaches you at the first glance that the man has a right to assume himself to be your equal."

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

"I must confess, that in going from the States into Canada, an Englishman is struck by the feeling that he is going from a richer country into one that is poorer, from a greater country into one that is less. I could not enter Canada without seeing and hearing, and feeling that there was less of enterprise around me there than in the States—less of general movements, and of commercial success. When I have said so, I have heard no Canadian absolutely deny it; though in refraining from denying it, they have usually expressed a general conviction that, in settling himself for life, it is better for a man to set up his staff in Canada than in the States. 'I do not know that we are richer,' a Canadian says, 'but on the whole we are doing better and are happier.' Now I regard the golden rules against the love of gold, the '*aurum irrepertum et sic melius situm*,' and the rest of it as very excellent when applied to individuals. Such teaching has not much effect, perhaps, in inducing men to abstain from wealth—but such effect as it may have will be good. Men and women do, I suppose, learn to be happier when they learn to disregard riches. But such a doctrine is absolutely false as regards a nation. National wealth produces education and progress, and through them produces plenty of food, good morals, and all else that is good. It produces luxury also, and contain evils attendant on luxury. But I think it may be clearly shown, and that it is universally acknowledged, that national wealth produces individual well-being. If this be so, the argument of my friend, the Canadian, is nought."

LIFE IN THE MILLS.

"That which most surprises an English visitor on going through the mills at Lowell, is the personal appearance of the men and women who work at them. As there are twice as many women as there are men, it is to them that the attention is chiefly called. They are not only better dressed, cleaner and better mounted in every respect than the girls employed at manufactories in England, but they are so infinitely superior as to make a stranger immediately perceive that some very strong cause must have created the difference. * * * One would, of course, be disposed to say that the superior condition of the workers must have been occasioned by superior wages; and this, to a certain extent, has been the cause. But the higher payments is not the chief cause. Women's wages, including all that they receive at the Lowell factories, average about fourteen shillings a week, which is, I take it, fully a third more than women can earn in Manchester, or did earn before the loss of the American cotton began to tell upon them. But if wages in Manchester were raised to the Lowell standard, the Manchester women would not be clothed, fed, cared for, and educated like the Lowell woman."

Mr. Trollope enters at length into the general question of the war of secession; how it arose, how it might have been avoided. He is very severe on Mr. Buchanan, whom he brands as a deliberate traitor; thinks the British Government has acted throughout in perfect good faith; and is confident that the result of the war will be a separation of the Union, by which the North will largely profit. It will get rid of a burdensome and unprofitable partner, and will go on developing its industry and material power. Secession, he thinks, will be accomplished, by the Gulf states at last, "much to their misfortune: and then they will find themselves in the condition 'of a low and debased nation, or worse still, of many low and debased nations.' They will have lost their cotton monopoly by the competition created during the period of the war, and will have no material of greatness on which to found themselves or to flourish.

"The Southern Confederation of States will stand something higher in the world than Mexico and the republics of Central America. Her cotton monopoly will have vanished, and her wealth have been wasted."

HONEYSUCKLES.

Oh! honeysuckles, dainty sweet,
My heart is filled with love of you,
With never dying love of you!
You mind me of that afternoon,
In rosy, sunny, dreamy June,
Where all the air was faint with you,
When ev'ry breeze was full of you.

We sat beneath the leafy shade
The heavy twisted grapevine made,
And here and there among its green
You graceful hung, and graceful swung,
Your blossoms fit to deck a queen.
But one bright sun-ray ventured in,
And lay upon the cold, stone floor,
Looking as though a band of gold
Had slipped from off a beauteous arm,
And still with love and beauty warm,
Defied old time to make it cold.

He said the same things o'er and o'er,
Sweet words that braided in with you
And your sweet fragrance, drooping flow'rs.
Oh! I shall prize you evermore,
For you are part of those dear hours;
When all the air was faint with you,
And ev'ry breeze was full of you,
And my heart grew in love with you!

—*N. Y. Leader.*

THE POWERFUL HUNTSMAN.

In the chancel of the church of Walton-upon-Thames, in the county of Surrey, are several brass plates, nailed against the south wall, to the memory of one John Selwin, celebrated for his remarkable strength, as appears by the following traditionary story:—John Selwin, the person represented on these plates, both in a praying posture, and in the act of killing a stag, was, as appears by the inscription, under-keeper of the park at Oatlands, in Surrey, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; the bugle-horn, the insignia of his office, being apparent in both figures. This man was extremely famous for his strength, agility, and skill in horsemanship, specimens of all which he exhibited before the Queen, at a grand stag hunt, in that park, where attending, as was the duty of his office, he in the heat of the chase suddenly leaped from his horse upon the back of the stag (both running at that time with their utmost speed,) and not only kept his seat gracefully, in spite of every effort of the affrighted beast, but drawing his sword, with it guided him towards the Queen, and, coming near her presence, plunged it into his throat, so that the animal fell dead at her feet. This was thought sufficiently wonderful to be chronicled on this monument, and he is accordingly there portrayed in the act of stabbing the beast.

☞ The man who never loved a pretty woman was lately seen by some Greenlanders going round the North Pole, an icicle a yard long banging to his nasal organ, and a sharp nor'-easter after him, whistling, "Oh, never fall in love!"

☞ Treat your family kindly, but put your horses and cattle nightly to the rack.

The Oriental Harem As It Is.

The Princess Belljioso, in her recent volume of travels in the East, says:—

"We are familiar with descriptions of harems in the 'Arabian Nights' and other oriental tales; we have been told that it is the abode of love and beauty; and that in these mysterious retreats one is to find collected together all the wonders of luxury, art, magnificence and pleasure. What a mistaken idea! Imagine blackened and cracked walls; wooden ceilings, split in various places, covered with dust and cobwebs; torn and greasy sofas, ragged curtains, and everywhere traces of oil and candles. When I first entered one of these delightful bowers, it almost made me sick. The mistresses of the place, however, did not perceive it. Their persons are harmonious with all this. Mirrors being scarce in the country, the women pile on clothes and tinsel haphazard, producing a bizarre effect of which they have no conception.

"Common printed cotton handkerchiefs are wound round the head, and fastened with diamond and jewel headed pins; while nothing can be more slovenly than their hair, the very great ladies who had lived at the capital alone possessing combs. As to the paint, which they apply immoderately, both in variety of color and in quantity, its distribution can only be regulated by mutual consultation; and as all the women living under one roof are so many rivals, they willingly encourage the most grotesque illuminations of their respective countenances. That which is unendurable, and at the same time deplorable, is the effect of this taste for painting combined with the indolence and uncleanliness common to oriental females.

"There is not one, daubed as they are with orange color even to hands and feet, who does not dread the application of water as an injury to beauty. The crowd of children and servants, especially negresses, who people the harem, and the footing of equality upon which mistresses and domestics live, are likewise aggravating causes of the general filth. To this must be added the fact that the windows are generally stopped with oiled paper, and that when that is not to be found they discard windows altogether. What is utterly lacking in these apartments is air. The ladies are naturally sensitive to cold; and, without the resource of creating heat by exercise, they remain squatted on the ground before the fire for hours, wholly ignorant that the fumes of the coal they use sometimes suffocates them. Only to recall these artificial caverns, encumbered with tattered women and ill-governed children, almost deprives one of breath!"

GOD'S PLAN OF YOUR LIFE.

Never complain of your birth, your training, your employment, your hardships; never fancy that you could be something, if you had a different lot and sphere assigned to you. God understands His own plan, and He knows what you want a great deal better than you do. The very things you most deprecate as fatal limitations or obstructions, are probably what you most want. What you call hindrances, obstacles, discouragements, are probably God's opportunities; and it is nothing new that the patient should dislike his medicines, or any certain proof that they are poisonous. No! a truce to such impatience. Choke that foolish envy which gnaws at your heart because you are not in the same lot with others; bring down your soul, or rather bring it up to receive God's will, and do His work in your lot, in your sphere, under your cloud of obscurity, against your temptations; and then you shall find that your condition is never opposed to your good, but really consistent with it.—*Dr. Bushnell.*

Trust God.—Are you embarrassed in your affairs? That is as much a matter of God's concern as yours. Do you not know where the bread of to-morrow is coming from? It is coming from God's loaf. And where does He keep His loaf? He does not let you know. We do not always tell our children where we keep our good things. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." One of the petitions in the Lord's prayer is, "Give us this day our daily bread." When that withers, and there is no more blood in it, then God will be dead; but until God is dead, that petition, being touched, will yield food and raiment. Do not be afraid. O ye of little faith, can ye not trust that God who has administered to you so abundantly?—*Beecher.*

Stretch it a Little.—A little girl and her brother were on their way to the grocer's one wintry morning. The ground was white with frost, and the wind was very sharp. They were both poorly dressed, but the little girl had a sort of coat over her, which she seemed to have outgrown. As they walked briskly along, she drew her little companion close up to her, saying, "Come under my coat, Johnny." "It isn't big enough for both," he replied. "I think I can stretch it a little," she said; and they were soon as close together and as warm as two birds in the same nest. How many shivering bodies, and heavy hearts, and weeping eyes, there are in the world, just because people do not stretch their comforts a little beyond themselves!

Man Without Piety and Virtue.—The true reason why the societies of men are so full of tumult and disorder, so troublesome and tempestuous, is because there is so little of true religion among men; so that, were it not for some small remainder of piety and virtue, which is yet left scattered among mankind, human society would in a short space disband and run into confusion; the earth would grow wild, and become a great forest, and mankind would become beasts of prey one toward another.

☞ Periods of Affliction.—There are moments of mingled sorrow and tenderness, which hallow the caresses of affection.—*Washington Irving.*

WAITING.

Long lines of white divide my raven hair,
The first approach of gradual decay;
These glossy curls with which he loved to play
In that far time when I was young and fair.

And am I not still fair? They tell me so.
What though the color from my cheek took flight
Upon that awful, well-remembered night,
When first I heard that he I loved lay low!

Oh, God! the sense of wild bewilderment,
Of utter desolation everywhere!
'Twas morning ere my lips were fit for prayer,
Months ere I felt my sorrow Heaven-sent.

But peace has come. My heart is almost light,
And many think that time has cured the wound;
Like him, who with his eyes upon the ground,
And halting accents, wooed me yesternight.

Oh! 'twas not thus that *thou* went wont to woo,
With feeble platitudes and 'wildered sense;
But with a noble flood of eloquence,
And honest eyes that looked me through and through.

He thought I had forgot thee. Oh, my love!
What knew he of the dew that drops unseen,
And keeps thy tender memory fresh and green,
Until that day when we shall meet above?

What knew he of the vows that make my life
A long, sad secret, ne'er to be revealed—
A fast-closed casket with thy signet sealed—
A widowhood, ere yet I am a wife?

Each day I live again our last adieu,
The long-drawn sighs, the kisses, and the tears,
The hopes—the giant hopes—the little fears,
Of that last evening underneath the yew.

Oh! when, at last, thou ask'dst beneath thy breath
If I would wait a maiden for thy sake;
And, conscious of the answer I must make,
Smiled, ere I whispered, "Ever, love, till death!"

Did I not sicken with a sudden fright,
That it might be as even it has been?
Did I not clasp thy neck my arms between
Lest some rude power should wrest thee from my sight?

So I have waited, and I still will wait
(For Hope is infinite and Mercy wide)
Till kindly Death restore to thee thy bride,
And my lone heart no more be desolate.

And yet I would not wish my watch to end;
I have the cheerful faces of the poor,
That seem to brighten as I pass their door;
I have thy brother's orphan babe to tend.

Dear child! last evening at the old, old place,
I saw him watch me as I strayed behind,
And as I kissed the letters in the rind,
I felt a blush rise hot into my face.

He calls me mother, too; and I have seen
At times so strange a likeness, love, to thee,
That I have drawn him closer unto me,
And wept to think of that which might have been.

Wait then, oh, heart!—again the morning sun
Slow through the vanquished mists his pathway wins!
Again, once more, my round of life begins,
Thank God that I can say, "Thy will be done."

THE CHANNINGS.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY MRS. WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "DANESBURY HOUSE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," &c., &c.

CHAPTER LIX.

READY.

The glorious surprise of Charley's safety greeted Hamish on his return home to dinner. In fact, he was just in time, having come somewhat before one o'clock, to witness Charley's arrival from the college school-room, escorted by the whole tribe, from the first to the last. Even Gerald Yorke made one, as did Mr. William Simms. Gerald, the smart over, deemed it best to put a light, careless, never-me-care face upon his punishment, disgraceful though it was considered to be for a senior. To give Gerald his due, his own share in the day's exploits faded into insignificance, compared with the shock of mortification which shook him when he heard the avowal of his mother regarding Roland. He and Tod had been the most eager of all the school to cast the guilt of Arthur in Tom Channing's cheek; they had proclaimed it as particularly objectionable to their feelings that the robbery should have taken place in an office where their brother was a pupil: and now they found that Tom's brother had been entirely innocent, and that other brother of theirs guilty! It was well that Gerald's brow should burn. "But she'd no cause to come here and blurt it out to the lot, right in one's face!" soliloquized Gerald, alluding to Lady Augusta. "They'd have heard it soon enough, without that."

Mr. William Simms also attended Charley. Mr. William was hoping that the return of Charley would put him upon a better footing with the school. He need not have hoped it: his offence had been one that the college boys never forgave. Whether Charley returned dead or alive, or had never returned at all, Simms would always remain a sneak in their estimation. "Sneak Simms," he had been called since the occurrence: and he had come to the resolve, in his own mind, of writing word home to his friends that the studies in Helstonleigh college school were too hard for him, and asking to be removed to a private one. I think he would have to do it still.

Hamish lifted Charley to him with an eager, fond movement. The sight of him took a weight from his mind. Although really irresponsible for the disappearance of Charles, he had always felt that his father and mother might inwardly attach some blame to him—might deem him to have been wanting in care. Now, all was sunshine.

Dinner over, Mr. Channing walked with Hamish to the office. They were some time getting there. Every other person they met stopped Mr. Channing to congratulate him. It seemed that the congratulations were never to end. It was not only the renewed health of Mr. Channing that people had to speak of. Helstonleigh, from one end to the other, was ringing with the news of Arthur's innocence; and Charley's return was getting wind.

They reached Guild Street at last. Mr. Channing entered and shook hands with his clerks, and then took his own place in his private room.

"Where are we to put you now, Hamish?" he said, looking at his son with a smile. "There's no room for you. You will not like taking your place with the clerks again."

"Perhaps I had better follow Roland Yorke's plan, and emigrate," replied Hamish, demurely.

"I wish Mr. Huntley—. By the way, Hamish, it would only be a mark of courtesy if you stepped as far as Mr. Huntley's, and told him of Charles's return," broke Mr. Channing; the idea recurring to him with Mr. Huntley's name. "None have evinced more sympathy than he, and he will be rejoiced to hear that the child is safe."

"I'll go at once," said Hamish.

Nothing loth was he, on his own part, to pay a visit at Mr. Huntley's.

Hamish overtook Mr. Huntley close at his own home. He was returning from the town. Had he been home earlier, he would have heard the news from Harry. But Harry had now had his dinner and was gone again. He did not dine at the late table.

"I have brought you some news, sir," said Hamish, as they entered together.

"News again! It cannot be very great, by the side of what we were favored with last night from Mr. Roland," was the remark of Mr. Huntley.

"But, indeed it is. Greater news than even that. We have found Charley, Mr. Huntley."

Mr. Huntley sprung from the chair he was taking.

"Found Charley! Have you really?—Where has he—Hamish, I see by your countenance that the tidings are good. He must be alive."

"He is alive and well. At least, well comparatively speaking. A barge was passing down the river at the time he fell in, and a man leaped overboard and saved him. Charley has been in the barge ever since, and has had brain fever."

"And how did he come home?" wondered Mr. Huntley, when he had sufficiently digested the news.

"The barge brought him back. It is on its way up again. Charley arrived under convoy of the barge-woman, a red handkerchief on his head in lieu of his trencher, which, you know, he lost that night," added Hamish, laughing. "Lady Augusta, who was going out of the house as he entered, was frightened into the belief that it was his ghost, and startled them all with her cries to that effect, including the bishop, who was with my father in the drawing-room."

"Hamish! it is like a romance!" said Mr. Huntley.

"Very nearly, taking one circumstance with another. My father's return, cured; Roland's letter; and now, Charley's resuscitation. Their all happening together renders it the more remarkable. Poor Charley does look as much like a ghost as anything, and his curls are gone. They had to cut his hair close in the fever.

Mr. Huntley paused.

"Do you know, Hamish," he presently said, "I begin to think we were all a set of muffs? We might have thought of a barge."

"If we had thought of a barge, we should never have thought the barge would carry him off," dissented Hamish. "However, we have got him back, and I thank God. I always said he would turn up, you know."

"I must come and see him," said Mr. Huntley. "I was at the college school this morning, therefore close to your house, but I did not call. I thought your father would have enough callers, without me."

Hamish laughed.

"He has had a great many. The house, I understand, has been like a fair. He is in Guild Street this afternoon. It looks like the happy old times to see him at his post again."

"What are you going to do, now your place is usurped?" asked Mr. Huntley. "Subside into a clerk again, and discharge the one who was taken on in your stead when you were promoted?"

"That's the question—what is to be done with me?" returned Hamish, in his joking manner. "I have been telling my father that I had perhaps better pay Port Natal a visit, and join Roland Yorke."

"I told your father once, that when this time came, I would help you to a post."

"I am aware you did, sir. But you told me subsequently you had altered your intention—that I was not eligible for it."

"Believing you were the culprit at Galloway's."

Hamish raised his eyebrows.

"The extraordinary part of that, sir, is, how you could have imagined such a thing of me."

"Hamish, I shall always think so myself in future. But I have this justification—that I was not alone. Some of your family, who might be supposed to know you better than I, entertained the same belief."

"Yes; Constance and Arthur. But are you sure, sir, that it was not their conduct that first induced you to suspect me?"

"Right, lad. Their conduct—I should rather say their manner—was inexplicably mysterious, and it set me on to ferret out the cause. That they were screening some one was evident, and I could only come to the conclusion that it was you. But Master Hamish, there were circumstances on your own part which tended to bear out the belief," added Mr. Huntley, his tone becoming jocular. "Whence sprung that money wherewith you satisfied some of your troublesome creditors just at that same time?"

Once more, as when it was spoken of before, a red flush dyed the face of Hamish. Certainly, it could not be a flush of guilt, while that ingenious smile hovered on his lips. But Hamish seemed attacked with sudden shyness.

"Your refusal to satisfy me on this point, when we previously spoke of it, tended to confirm my suspicions," continued Mr. Huntley. "I think you might make a confidant of me, Hamish. The money could not have dropped from the clouds; and I am sure you possessed no funds of your own just then."

"But neither did I steal it. Mr. Huntley"—raising his eyes to that gentleman's face—"how closely you must have watched me and my affairs!"

Mr. Huntley drew in his lips.

"Perhaps I had my own motives for doing so, young sir."

"I earned the money," said Hamish, who probably penetrated into Mr. Huntley's "motives;" at anyrate, he hoped he did. "I earned it fairly and honorably, by my own private industry."

Mr. Huntley opened his eyes.

"Private industry? Have you turned shoemaker?"

"Not shoemaker," laughed Hamish. "Book-maker. The truth is, Mr. Huntley—but will you promise to keep my secret?"

"Ay. Honor bright."

"I don't want it to be known just yet. The truth is, I have been doing some literary work. Martin Pope got me an introduction to one of the London editors, and I furnished some papers. They were approved of and inserted; but for the first I got no pay. I threatened to strike, and then payment was promised. The first instalment which came I chiefly used to *stop* my debts; the second and third to liquidate them. That's where the money came from."

Mr. Huntley stared at Hamish as if he could scarcely take in the news. It was, however, only the simple truth. When Martin Pope paid a visit to Hamish, one summer night—frightening Hamish, frightening Arthur, who dreaded it might be a less inoffensive visitor—frightening Constance, for the matter of that, for she heard more of their dread than was expedient—his errand was to tell Hamish that he was to be paid for his papers in future; that payment was to commence forthwith. You may remember the evening, though it is long ago. You may also remember Martin Pope's coming hurriedly into the office in Guild Street, telling Hamish somebody was starting by the train; when both hastened to the station, leaving Arthur in wonder. That was the very London editor himself. He had been on a country tour, and was taking Helstonleigh on his way back; had stayed in it a day or two, for the purpose of seeing Martin Pope, who was an old friend, and of being introduced to Hamish Channing. That shy feeling of reticence, which is the characteristic of most persons whose genius *is* worth anything, had induced Hamish to bury all this in silence.

"But when have you found time to write?" exclaimed Mr. Huntley, who could not get over his surprise. "You could not find it during office hours?"

"Certainly not. I have written in the evening, and at night. I have been a great rake, stopping up later than I ought, over this writing."

"Do they know of it at home?"

"They know that I sit up; but they don't know what I sit up for. By way of a blind—I suppose it may be called a justifiable deceit," said Hamish, gayly; "I have taken care to carry the office books into my room, that their suspicions may be confined to the accounts. Judy's keen eyes detected my candle burning later than she considered it ought to burn, and her rest has been disturbed with visions of my setting the house on fire. I have counselled her to keep the water-butt full, under her window, so that she may be safe."

"And are you getting money now?"

"In one sense, I am; I am writing for it. My former papers were mostly disjointed ones—essays, and the like; but I am about a longer work now, to be paid for on completion. When it is finished and appears, I shall startle them at home with the news, and treat them to a sight of it. When all other trades fail, sir, I can set up my staff as author."

Mr. Huntley's feelings glowed within him. None more than he knew the value of silent industry—the worth of those who patiently exercise it. His heart went out to Hamish.

"I suppose I must recommend you to Barlett's post, after all," said he, affecting to speak carelessly, his eye betraying something very different.

"Is it not gone?" asked Hamish.

"No, it is not gone. And the appointment rests with me. How would you like it?"

"Nay," said Hamish, half mockingly, "the question is, Should I be honest enough for it?"

Mr. Huntley shook his fist at him.

"If you ever bring that reproach up to me again, I'll—I'll— You had better keep friends with me, you know, sir, on other scores."

Hamish laughed.

"I should like the post very much indeed, sir.

"And the house also, I suppose, you would make no objection to?" nodded Mr. Huntley.

"None in the world. I must work away, though, if it is ever to get furnished."

"How can you tell but some benevolent spirit might furnish it for you?" cried Mr. Huntley, quaintly.

They were interrupted before anything more was said. Ellen, who had been out with her aunt, came running in, all excitement.

"Oh, papa! such happy news! Charles Channing is found. He—"

She stopped when she saw that she had another auditor. Hamish rose to greet her. He took her hand, released it, and then returned to the fire to Mr. Huntley. Ellen stood by the table; she had grown suddenly timid.

"You will soon be receiving a visit from my mother and Constance," observed Hamish, looking at her.

"I heard certain arrangements being discussed, in which Miss Ellen Huntley's name bore a part. We are soon to lose Constance."

Ellen blushed rosy red. Mr. Huntley was the first to speak.

"Yorke has come to his senses, I suppose?"

"Yorke and Constance between them have. In a short time she is to be transplanted to Hazledon."

"It is more than he deserves," emphatically cried Mr. Huntley. "I suppose you will be for thinking of getting married next, Mr. Hamish, when you come into possession of that house we have been speaking of, and are your own master?"

"I always intended to think of it, sir, as soon as I could," returned saucy Hamish. And Ellen ran out of the room.

That same afternoon Arthur Channing was seated at the organ in pursuance of his duty, when a message came up from the dean. He was desired to change the anthem fixed upon, taken from the thirty-fifth Psalm, for another, "O taste and see how gracious the Lord is!"

It was not an anthem in the printed collection of the cathedral, but one which had been recently composed, and presented to it by a private individual. It consisted of a treble solo and chorus. Why had the dean specially commanded it for that afternoon? It was very rare indeed that he changed the services after they were put up. Had he had *Arthur* in his mind when he fixed upon it? It was impossible to say. Be it as it would, the words found a strangely applicable echo in Arthur's heart, as the sweet voice of Bywater rang through the Cathedral:—

"Oh, taste and see how gracious the Lord is! blessed is the man that trusteth in Him! Oh, fear the Lord, ye that are His saints! for they that fear Him lack nothing. The lions do lack and suffer hunger; but they who seek the Lord shall want no manner of thing that is good. The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous; and His ears are open unto their prayers. Great are the troubles of the righteous; but the Lord delivereth him out of all. The Lord delivereth the souls of His servants; and all they that put their trust in Him shall not be destitute."

Every word told upon Arthur's heart, sending it up in thankfulness to that great Lord, the Giver of all good.

He found the dean waiting for him in the nave, when he went down at the conclusion of the service. Doctor Gardner was with him. The dean held out his hand to Arthur.

"I am very glad you are cleared," he said. "You have behaved nobly."

Arthur winced. He did not like to take the faintest meed of praise that was not his strict due. The dean might have thought he deserved less, did he know that he had been only screening Hamish; but Arthur could not avow that tale in public. He glanced at the dean with a frank smile.

"You see now, sir, that I only spoke the truth when I assured you of my innocence."

"I do see it," said the dean. "I believed you then."

And once more shaking Arthur's hand, he turned into the cloisters with Doctor Gardner.

"I have already offered my congratulations," said the canon, good-humoredly, nodding back to Arthur; which was correct. He had waylaid Arthur as he went into college.

Arthur suffered them to go on a few steps, and then descended to the cloisters. Old Ketch was shuffling along.

"What's this as I've been a hearing about that there drownded boy having come back?" asked he, of Arthur, in his usual ungracious fashion.

"I don't know what you may have heard, Ketch. He is come back."

"And he ain't dead, nor drownded?"

"Neither one nor the other. He is alive and well."

Ketch gave a groan of despair.

"And them horrid young wretches 'll escape the hangman! I'd ha' walked ten miles to see 'em—"

"Gracious, Sir John, what's that you are talking about?" interrupted Bywater, as the choristers trooped up. "Escaped you! So we have, for once! What an agony of disappointment it must be for you, Mr. Calcraft! Such practice for your old hands, to topple off a dozen or so of us! Besides the pay!—How much do you charge a head, Calcraft?"

Ketch answered by a yell.

"Now don't excite yourself, I beg," went on aggravating Bywater. "We are thinking of getting up a petition to the dean, to console your disappointment, praying that he'll allow you to wear a cap that we have ordered for you! It's made of scarlet cloth, with long ears, and a set of drooping bells! Its device is a cross beam and a cord, and we wish your health to wear it out! I say, let's wish Mr. Calcraft health! What's the tripe a pound to-day, Calcraft?"

The choristers, in various stages of delight, entered on their aggravating shouts—on their mocking dance. When they had driven Mr. Ketch to the very verge of insanity, they decamped to the school-room.

I need not enlarge on the evening of thankfulness it was at Mr. Channing's. Not one but had special cause for gratitude—save, perhaps, Annabel. Mr. Channing restored to health and strength; Mrs. Channing's anxiety removed; Hamish secure in his new prospects—for Mr. Huntley had made them certain; heaviness removed from the heart of Constance; the cloud lifted from Arthur; Tom on the pedestal he thought he had lost, sure also of the Oxford exhibition; Charley amidst them again! They could trace the finger of God in all; and were fond of doing it.

Soon after tea, Arthur arose. "I must drop in and see Jenkins," he observed. "He will have heard the items of news from twenty people, there's little doubt; but he will like me to go to him with particulars. No one in Helstonleigh has been more anxious that things should turn out happily, than poor Jenkins."

"Tell him he has my best wishes for his recovery, Arthur," said Mr. Channing.

"I will tell him," replied Arthur. "But I fear all hope of recovery for Jenkins is past."

It was more decidedly past than even Arthur suspected when he spoke. A young woman was attending to Mrs. Jenkins's shop when Arthur passed through it. Her face was strange to him; but, from a certain peculiarity in the eyes and mouth, he inferred it to be Mrs. Jenkins's sister. In point of fact, that lady, finding that her care of Jenkins and her care of the shop rather clashed with each other, had sent for her sister from the country to attend temporarily on the latter. Lydia went up to Jenkins's sick room, and said a gentleman was waiting; and Mrs. Jenkins came down.

"Oh, it's you!" quoth she. "I hope he'll be at rest now. He has been bothering his mind over you all day. My opinion is, he'd never have come to this state if he had taken things easy, like sensible people."

"Is he in his room?" inquired Arthur.

"He is in his room, and in his bed. And what's more, young Mr. Channing, he'll never get out of it alive."

"Then he is worse?"

"He has been worse this four days. And I only get him up now to have his bed made. I said to him yesterday, 'Jenkins, you may put on your things, and go down to the office, if you like.' 'My dear,' said he, 'I couldn't get up, much less get down to the office;' which I knew was the case, before I spoke. I wish I had my wits about me!" somewhat irascibly went on Mrs. Jenkins; "I should have had his bed brought down to the parlor here, before he was so ill. I don't speak for the shop, I have got somebody to attend to that; but it's such a toll and trapes up them two pair of stairs for every little thing that's wanted."

"I suppose I can go up, Mrs. Jenkins?"

"You can go up," returned she; "but mind you don't get worrying him. I won't have him worried. He worries himself, without anybody else doing it gratis. If it's not about one thing it's about another. Sometimes it's his master and the office, how they'll get along; sometimes it's me what I shall do without him; sometimes it's his old father. He don't need any foreign things to put him up."

"I am sorry he is so much worse," remarked Arthur.

"So am I," said Mrs. Jenkins, tartly. "I have been a doing all I could for him from the first, and it has been like working against hope. If care could have cured him, or money could have cured him, he'd be well now. I have got some trifling savings in the bank, young Mr. Channing, and I have not spared them. If they had ordered him medicine at a guinea a bottle, I'd have got it for him; if they had said he must have wine or delicacies brought from the other end of the earth, they should have been brought. Jenkins isn't good for much, in point of spirit, as all the world knows; but he's my husband, and I have strove to do my duty by him. Now, if you want to go up, you can go," added she, after an imperceptible pause. "There's a light on the stairs, and you know his room. I'll take the opportunity to give an eye to the kitchen; I don't care to leave him by himself now. Finely it's going on, I know!"

Mrs. Jenkins whisked down the kitchen stairs, and Arthur proceeded up. Jenkins was lying in bed, his head raised by pillows. Whatever may have been Mrs. Jenkins's faults of manner, her efficiency as a nurse and manager could not be called in question. A bright fire burnt in the well-ventilated though small room, the bed was snowy white, the apartment altogether thoroughly comfortable. But—Jenkins!

Fully occupied with his work for Mr. Galloway, it was several days since Arthur had called on Jenkins, and the change he now saw in his face struck him sharply. The skin was glazed and drawn, the eyes wer unnaturally bright, the cheeks had fallen in; certainly there could not be very many hours of life left to Jenkins. A smile sat on his parched lips, and his eyelashes became moist as he looked up to Arthur, and held out his feeble hand.

"I knew you would be cleared, sir! I knew that God would surely bring the right to light! I have been humbly thanking Him for you, sir, all day."

Arthur's eyes glistened also as he bent over him.

"You have heard it then, Jenkins? I thought you would."

"Yes, sir, I heard it this morning, when it was getting towards mid-day. I had a visit, sir, from his lordship the bishop. I had, indeed! He came up like he has done before—as kindly, and with as little ceremony, as if he had been a poor body like myself. It was he who first told me, Mr. Arthur."

"I am glad he came to see you, Jenkins."

"He talked so pleasantly, sir. 'It is a journey that we must all take, Jenkins,' he said; 'and, for my part, I think it matters little whether we take it sooner or later, so that God vouchsafes to us the grace to prepare for it.' For the affability, sir, it was just as if it had been a brother talking to me; but he said things different from what any poor brother of mine could have said, and they gave me comfort. Then he asked me if I had taken the sacrament lately? and I thanked him, and said I had taken it on Sunday last; our clergyman came round to me after service. Mr. Arthur"—and poor Jenkins's eyes wore an eager look of gratitude—"I feel sure that his lordship would have administered it to me with his own hands. I wonder whether all the bishops are like him?"

Arthur did not answer. Jenkins resumed, quitting the immediate topic for another.

"And I hear, sir, that Mr. Channing has come home restored, and that the little boy is found. His lordship was so good as to tell me both. Oh, Mr. Arthur, how merciful God is!"

"We are finding Him so just now," fervently spoke Arthur.

"And it is all right again, sir, with you and Mr. Galloway?"

"Quite right. I am to remain in the office. I am to be in your place, Jenkins."

"You'll occupy a better position in it, sir, than I ever did. But you will not be all alone, surely?"

"Young Bartlett is coming to be under me. Mr. Galloway has made the final arrangements to-day. We shall go on all right now."

"Ay," said Jenkins, folding his thin hands upon the counterpane, and speaking as in self-commune, "we must live near to God to know His mercy. It does seem almost as if I had asked a favor of any earthly person, so exactly has it been granted me! Mr. Arthur, I prayed that I might live to see you put right with Mr. Galloway and the town, and I felt as sure as I could feel—by some internal evidence which I cannot describe, but which was plain to me—that God heard me and would grant me my wish. It seems, sir, as if I had been let live for that. I sha'n't be long now."

"While there is life there is hope, you know, Jenkins," replied Arthur, unable to say anything more cheering in the face of circumstances.

"Mr. Arthur, the hope for me now is, to go," said Jenkins. "I would not be restored if I could. How can I tell, sir, but I might fall away from God? If the call comes to-night, sir, it will, through God's mercy, find me ready. Oh, Mr. Arthur, if people did but know the peace of living close to God—of feeling that they are READY! Ready for the summons, let it come in the second or third watch!"

"Jenkins!" exclaimed Arthur, as the thought struck him, "I have not heard you cough once since I came in. Is your cough better?"

"Oh, sir, there's another blessing! Now that I am grown so weak that the cough would shatter me—tear my frame to pieces almost—it is gone! It is nearly a week, sir, since I coughed at all. My death-bed has been made quite a pleasant place for me. Except for the weakness, I am free from pain, and I have all things comfortable. I am rich in abundance: my wife waits upon me night and day—she lets me want for nothing; before I can express a wish, it is done. When I think of all the favors showered down upon me, and how little I can do, or have ever done, for God in return, I am overwhelmed with shame."

"Jenkins, one would almost change places with you, to be in your frame of mind," cried Arthur; his tone an impassioned one.

"God will send the same frame of mind to all who care to go to Him," was the reply. "Sir," and now Jenkins dropped his voice, "I was grieved to hear about Mr. Roland. I could not have thought it."

"Ay; it was unwelcome news, for his own sake."

"I never supposed but what the post-office must have been to blame. I think, Mr. Arthur, he must have done it in a dream; like one, I mean, who has not his full faculties about him. I hope the Earl of Carrick will take care of him. I hope he will live to come back a good, brave man! If he would only act less on impulse, and more on principle, it would be better for him. Little Master Charles has been ill, I hear, sir? I should like to see him."

"I will bring him to see you," replied Arthur.

"Will you, sir?" and Jenkins's face lighted up. "I should like just to set eyes on him once again. But—it must be very soon, Mr. Arthur."

"You think so?" murmured Arthur.

"I know it, sir—I feel it. I do not say it before my wife, sir, for I don't think she sees herself that I am so near the end, and it would only grieve her. It *will* grieve her, sir, whenever it comes, though she may not care to show to people that it does. I shall see you again, I hope, Mr. Arthur?"

"That you shall be sure to do. I will not miss a day now, but what I will come in. It will do me good to see you, Jenkins; to hear you tell again your happy state of resignation."

"It is better than resignation, Mr. Arthur; it is a state of hope. Not but what I shall leave some regrets behind me. My wife will be lone and comfortless, and must trust to her own exertions only. And my poor old father—"

"If I didn't know it! If I didn't know that, on some subject or other, he'd be safe to be worrying himself, or it would not be him! I'd put myself into my grave at once, if I were you, Jenkins. As good do it that way, as by slow degrees."

Of course you cannot fail to recognize the voice. She came in at that unlucky moment when Jenkins was alluding to his father. He attempted a defence—an explanation.

"My dear, I was not worrying. I was only telling Mr. Arthur Channing that there were some things I should regret to leave. My poor old father for one; he has looked to me, naturally, to help him a little bit in his old age, and I would rather, so far as that goes, have been spared to do it. But neither that nor anything else can worry me now, I am content to leave all to God."

"Was ever the like heard?" retorted Mrs. Jenkins. "Not worrying! *I* know. If you were not worrying, you wouldn't be talking. Isn't old Jenkins your father, and sha'n't I take upon myself to see that he does not want? You know I shall, Jenkins. When do I ever go from my word?"

"My dear, I know you will do what's right," returned Jenkins, in his patient meekness: "but the old man will feel it hard, my departing before him. Are you going, sir?"

"I must go," replied Arthur, taking one of the thin hands. "I will bring Charley in to-morrow."

Jenkins pressed Arthur's hand between his.

"God bless you, Mr. Arthur," he fervently said; "may He be your friend for ever! May He render your dying bed happy, as He has rendered mine!" And Arthur turned away—never again to see Jenkins in life.

"Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching."

As Jenkins was, that night, when the message came for him.

"Be ye therefore ready also; for the Son of man cometh at an hour that ye think not."

CHAPTER LX.

IN WHAT DOES IT LIE?

Had the clerk of the weather been favored with an express letter containing a heavy bribe, a more lovely day could not have been secured than that one in January which witnessed the marriage of Constance Channing to the Rev. William Yorke.

The church ceremony was over, and they were home again; seated at breakfast with the invited guests. But few guests were present, and they mostly close friends: the Huntleys; Lady Augusta Yorke and Gerald; Mr. Galloway; and the Rev. Mr. Pye, who married them. It is the fashion in these days to have a superfluity of bridesmaids; I am not sure that a young lady would consider herself legally married unless she enjoyed the privilege. Constance, though not altogether a slave to fashion, had followed it, not in a very extensive degree. Annabel Channing and Ellen Huntley, Caroline and Fanny Yorke, had been the *demoiselles d'honneur*. Charley's auburn curls had grown on again, and Charley himself was in rather better condition than when he arrived from his *impromptu* excursion. For grandeur, nobody could match with Miss Huntley; her brocade silk stood on end, stiff and prim, and stately as herself. Judy, in her way, was stately too; a curiously fine lace cap on her head, which had not been allowed to see the light since Charley's christening, with a big white satin bow in front of it, twice as large as the cap itself. And that was no despicable size.

The only one who did not behave with a due regard to what might be expected of him, was Hamish—grievous as it is to have to record it. It had been duly impressed upon Hamish that he was to conduct Miss Huntley into breakfast, etiquette and society consigning that lady to his share. Mr. Hamish, however, chose to misconstrue instructions in the most deplorable manner. He left Miss Huntley, a prey to whoever might pick her up, and took in Miss Ellen. It might have passed muster possibly, but for Annabel's tongue, which appeared to be under no more stringent rule that important morning than it was at other times.

"Hamish, that's wrong! It is Miss Huntley you are to take in; not Ellen."

Hamish had grown suddenly deaf. He walked on with Ellen, leaving the confusion to right itself. Arthur stepped up in the dilemma, and the tips of Miss Huntley's white-gloved fingers were laid upon his arm. It would take her some time to forgive Hamish, favorite though he was. Later, Hamish took the opportunity of reading Miss Annabel a private lecture on the expediency of minding her own business.

Hamish was in his new post now, at the bank; thoroughly well established. He had not yet taken up his abode in the house. It was too large, he laughingly said, for a single man.

The breakfast came to an end, as other breakfasts do; and next, Constance came down in her travelling dress. Now that the moment of parting was come, Constance, in her agitation, longed for it to be over. She hurriedly wished them adieu, and lifted her tearful face last to her father.

Mr. Channing laid his hands upon her.

"May God bless my dear child, and be her guide and refuge forever! William Yorke, it is a treasure of great price that I have given you this day. May she be as good a wife as she has been a daughter!"

Mr. Yorke, murmuring a few heartfelt words, put Constance into the carriage, and they drove away.

"It will be your turn next," whispered Hamish to Ellen Huntley, who stood watching the departure from one of the windows.

What Ellen would have said—whether she would have given any other answer than that accorded by her blushing cheeks—cannot be told. The whisper had not been quite so low as Hamish deemed it, and it was overheard by Mr. Huntley.

"There may be two words to that bargain, Mr. Hamish."

"Twenty if you like, sir," responded Hamish, promptly, "so that they be affirmative ones."

"Ellen," whispered Mr. Huntley, "would you have him with all his gracelessness?"

Ellen looked ready to drop, and her eyes filled.

"Do not joke now, papa," was all she said.

Hamish caught her hand, and took upon himself the office of soothing her. And Mr. Huntley relapsed into a smile, and did not hinder him.

But somebody else was bursting into tears; as the sounds testified. It proved to be Lady Augusta Yorke. A few tears might well be excused to Mrs. Channing, on the occasion of parting with her ever-loving, ever-dutiful child; but what could Lady Augusta have to cry about?

Lady Augusta was excessively impulsive; as you have long ago learnt. The happiness of the Channing family, in their social relations to each other—the loving gentleness of Mr. and Mrs. Channing with their children—the thorough respect, affection, duty, rendered to them by the children in return—had struck her more than ever on this morning. She was contrasting the young Channings with her boys and girls, and the contrast made her feel low-spirited. Thus she was just primed to go off, when the parting came with Constance, and the burst took place as she watched the carriage from the door. Had any one asked Lady Augusta why she cried, she would have been puzzled to state.

"Tell me," she suddenly uttered, turning and seizing Mrs. Channing's hands,—"what makes the difference between your children and mine? My children were not born bad, any more than yours were; and yet, look at the trouble they give me. In what does it lie?"

"I think," said Mrs. Channing, quietly, and with some hesitation—for it was not a pleasant thing to say what might tacitly reflect on Lady Augusta—"that the difference in most children lies in the bringing up. Children turn out well or ill as they are trained; they will become our blessing or our grief."

"Ah, yes, that must be it," acquiesced Lady Augusta. "And yet—I don't know," she rejoined, doubtingly. "Do you believe that so very much lies in the training?"

"It does, indeed, Lady Augusta. God's laws everywhere proclaim it. Look at the productions of the earth. Dig out a rough diamond from a mine—what is it, unless you polish it, and cut it, and set it? Do you see its value, its beauty, in its native state? Look at the trees of our fields, the flowers of our parterres, the vegetables of our gardens—what are they, unless they are pruned, dug about, cared for? It is by cultivation alone that they can be brought to perfection. Compare those which have grown up in a wild, rude state, with others that have been sedulously reared and tended, you can scarcely believe them to be of the same species. And if God made the productions of the earth so that it is only by our constant attention and labor they can be brought to perfection, would He, think you, have us evince less care for that far more important product, our children's minds? *They* may be trained to perfectness, or they may be let run to waste by neglect."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Lady Augusta; "but it is a dreadful trouble, always to be worrying over children."

"It is a trouble that, in a very short time after entering upon it, grows into a pleasure, said Mrs. Channing. "I am sure that there is not a single mother, really training her children to good, but will bear me out in the assertion. It is a pleasure that they would not be without. Take it from them, and the most delightful occupation of their lives is gone. And think of the reward! Were there no higher end to be looked for, it would be found in the loving, obedient docility of the children. You talk of the trouble, Lady Augusta; those who would escape trouble with their children, should be careful to train them."

"I think I'll begin at once with mine," exclaimed Lady Augusta, brightening up.

A smile crossed Mrs. Channing's lips, as she slightly shook her head. None knew better than she that training, to bear its proper fruit, must be begun with a child's earliest years.

Meanwhile, Mr. Galloway was holding a conference with Mr. Channing.

"Presents seem to be the order of the day," he was remarking, in allusion to sundry pretty offerings which had been made to Constance. "I think I may as well contribute my mite—"

"Why, you have done it! You gave her a bracelet, you know," cried Miss Annabel.—For which abrupt interruption she was forthwith consigned to a respectful distance, and ran away to be teased by Tom and Gerald.

"I have something in my pocket which I wish to give to Arthur, which I have been intending for some time to give him," resumed Mr. Galloway, taking from his pocket what seemed to be a roll of parchment.—"Will you accept them, Arthur?"

"What, sir?"

"Your articles."

"Oh, Mr. Galloway!"

"No thanks, my boy. I am in your debt far deeper than I like to be! A trifling thing like this"—touching the parchment—"cannot wipe out the suspicion I cast upon you—the disgrace which followed it. Perhaps at some future time I may be able to atone for it better. I hope we shall be together many years, Arthur. I have no son to succeed to my business, and it may be— But I will leave that, until the future comes—"

It was a valuable present gracefully offered, and Mr. Channing and Arthur acknowledged it as such, passing over the more valuable hint in silence.

"Children," said Mr. Channing, as—the festivities of the day being at an end, and the guests departed—they gathered together round their fireside, bereft of Constance, "what a forcible lesson of God's mercy ought these last few months to teach us! Six months ago there came to us the news that our suit was lost; other troubles followed upon it, and things looked dark. But I, for one, never lost my trust in God; it was not for a moment shaken; and if you are the children I and your mother have striven to bring up, you did not lose yours. Tom," turning suddenly upon him, "I fear you were the most impatient."

Tom looked contrite.

"I fear I was, papa."

"What good did the indulgence in your hasty spirit do you?"

"No good, but harm," frankly confessed Tom. "I hope it has helped me to some notion of patience, though, for the future, papa."

"Ay," said Mr. Channing. "Hope on, strive on, work on, and trust on! I believe that you made those your watchwords, as did I. And now, in an almost unprecedentedly short time, we are brought through our troubles. While others, equally deserving, have to struggle for years before the cloud is lifted, it has pleased God to bring us out wonderfully quickly, to heap mercies and blessings, and a hopeful future upon us. I may truly say, 'He has brought us to great honor, and comforted us on every side.' Let us praise God!"

"I have been young, and now am old; and yet saw I never the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread."

[THE END.]

Additions Proposed to the Tax Bill.

The Knickerbocker Magazine furnishes the following items, which may be added to the next tax bill, if a supplement is furnished:

Tax on moustaches, $3 per month.

On whiskers, other than those belonging to cats and dogs, $3 per month.

To sneeze in the public highway, 15 cents.

If accompanied with *unusual noise*, 25 cents.

N. B. But we understand a deduction of 5 per cent. is made in favor of New England during the prevalence of an East wind.

For every button on coat, 3 cents.

For carrying cane, $1.

For lorgnette or quizzing glasses, $1.

For using Expressly Prepared Mucilage, 3 cents per pot.

Pencils and pens, $5 per annum.

On all keys in use, 6 cents.

For kissing anybody except relatives, 25 cents each time.

[N. B. Engaged couples may "commute" for $10 per month.]

For ringing door bells or using knockers, 1 cent.

For using scraper or door mat before a door, 1 cent.

For *not* using scraper or door mat, $1.

For looking at a lady anywhere $10.

For shaking hands with ladies, 10 cents.

For squeezing said hands, $1.

For not squeezing said hands when "circumstances favor," $10.

For quoting French, 25 cents.

For saying in "in our midst," or "pending," or "reliable," or "donate," or "proven," $1.

For writing one's name as Marie, Pollie, Sallie, Maggie, or Judie, $1.

For joining the Curb Stone Christian Association, and waiting at the door to "see the ladies come out," $10.

"For "choreing spruce gum," 1 cent.

For keeping the register of "who's engaged," $1 per name.

For noticing with whom any or everybody walks, with whom they go, &c., for each indulgence, $50.

For recording *anything* not strictly your own business, $50.

For responding in church like a blatant wild bull, $10.

For talking in the opera, $10.

For calling for encore, $200.

For asking friends to take tickets to anything, $100.

For reading your own literary compositions to any one, $1.

For doing same to editor, or offering to do it, $1,000.

For borrowing anything, $1.

For staying later than 11 P. M. when calling, $5 per hour.

For the boorish carelessness of calling at office or other place, and not leaving your name, $10.

For using any hackneyed quotation, 25 cents.

For always mentioning in connection with a name that he or she is "very rich," or "poor as Job," $1.

For pointing out a millionaire, 25 cents.

For talking of your appetite, or diseases, or describing what you like to eat and drink, or when you change your flannels, $1.

OUR NAVY.

Commodore Porter on the Mississippi uses mortars seven thousand pounds heavier than any known at the siege of Sebastopol.

The guns constructed for the new Monitors will throw shot weighing four hundred and twenty-five pounds, which is nearly three times the weight of the round shot fired from the largest Armstong guns yet made for the British navy. This result is attained after a brief series of experiments, while the British Admiralty has expended years in time and fabulous sums in money to secure the most effective ordnance, and had settled down in the firm belief that Sir Wm. Armstrong had attained the *ne plus ultra* in this line, the secret of which, to their infinite satisfaction, was with the British nation. Thus we have made an immense advance upon Europe in both offensive armament and defensive armor, and the end of 1863 will see us by all odds the most formidable *naval*, as well as the most formidable *military*, power of the world.

A BELLE A QUEEN.

The "heavenly Hebe" of Honolulu is the Queen herself, (of the Sandwich Islands) who is only twenty-one years of age, and idolized for her goodness and goodlooking-ness. So says our just-returned consul. The same authority states:—"I may here say that I have been favored with a view of the robes worn by the King and Queen on state occasions. They are made of the *feathers of birds* interwoven in fine canvas. The colors are varied, rich and beautiful, only two feathers from each bird. Many thousands of birds must have been caught, and the *two feathers only* taken from their plumage. It is said that it has required many years to complete them. Of course no moneyed value can be placed on them. When we reflect that all this was the work of people having at that day no intercourse with the world, they are indeed remarkable."

A BARGAIN WITH THE DEVIL.—A curious old-time record was shown us the other day in the Court Records of Hartford county. Before the Court in September, 1708, were brought David Foster, Benj. Adkins, Thomas and Joseph Bourn, all of the town of Middleton, to answer for that "they on the 14th day of April last past, in the field near to Geo. Hubbard's, in Middletom aforesaid, did mutually, profanely and presumptuously agree among themselves, that one of them should be given up to the devil, upon condition that he would stub a certain piece of ground for them that they were then at work upon, and did also then determine by lot who of them it should be, and did likewise call upon the devil to come and do the said work and take his wages. Foster was discharged. The others were held to bail, but finally discharged. This is the last public objection, so far as we know, to selling one's self to the devil in the Connecticut Valley.—*Hartford Press.*

☞ WIT INFERIOR TO WISDOM.—Be rather wise than witty; for much wit hath commonly much froth, and 'tis hard to jest, and not sometimes jeer too; which many times sink deeper than was intended or expected; and what was designed for mirth ends in sadness.—*Caleb Trenchild.*

SENATOR CHANDLER'S SPEECH.

The recent speech in the U. S. Senate of Senator Chandler, of Michigan, has excited such great attention, that we lay a summary of it before our readers. The Senator was a member of the "Committee on the Conduct of the War," and obtained permission from the Committee to make public certain evidence that had been taken before it:—

Mr. Chandler (Mich.) referred to the fact that the Committee on the Conduct of the War had been engaged in investigation, and had collected a deal of evidence. Referring to the battle of Bull Run, he said there was a column of 20,000 under Patterson ordered either to attack the enemy, or else keep him engaged, so that he could not reinforce at Manassas. Patterson telegraphed that Johnston had a superior force, and had received large reinforcements, when the fact was that Johnston received no reinforcements, and had less force than Patterson. The reason of the loss of the battle of Bull Run was the delay from Thursday till Sunday by reason of the Quartermaster's supplies not coming, the delay of Sunday morning in consequence of Keyes's brigade not getting in position, the arrival of Johnston's reinforcements, the disaster in placing a battery a thousand yards in advance, and mistaking a rebel regiment for a battery support, and the failure to bring up the reserve at the critical time. But the losses of Bull Run were small, and the people rallied, till on the 10th of December, the roll was 195,436 men, with 13 regiments not reported, mostly intended for Gen. Burnside, all under command of Gen. McClellan. He then referred to the battle of Ball's Bluff, reading the orders to Devens and to Col. Baker, showing that Baker supposed there were 40,000 men within twelve miles of him, and there was no evidence of rashness on the part of Col. Baker, except exposing his own person. He quoted from the evidence of Major John Dix, who said that a very few men in reinforcement would have sufficed to drive off the enemy at Ball's Bluff, and this gallant officer offered to go if they would let him have a company of 100 men. The enemy's batteries were in a wood, and it was difficult to tell what their force was.

Mr. Chandler further read from the testimony of the general officers, concerning the battle of Ball's Bluff, to the effect that reinforcements could easily have been sent by the way of Edwards' Ferry, but McCall and Smith were ordered to fall back at the very time Baker was sent across the river, and no men were sent from Edwards' Ferry, though the distance was short.

Gen. Stone swears there were never any mounted guns between Edwards' Ferry and Ball's Bluff. The man who issued the order must answer to God for the slaughter of the brave men in that fight. After this wholesale murder, the whole army of the Potomac retired, except from the front of Washington.

He then read further testimony, showing that the Navy Department applied to the War Department for 4,000 men to hold Matthias Point, and keep open the Potomac, commencing such application as early as June, till in October it was agreed to send men, and vessels were gathered there by the Navy Department, but the troops here were not sent by the appointed time, and the Navy Department could not find out the reason.

The evidence further stated that the President assisted the Navy Department as much as he could with this plan, but Gen. McClellan objected, because he feared the arrangements for landing could not be made. Thus, he said, the nation was disgraced for months by the blockade of the Potomac, and the capital besieged by a force at no time half that of the United States.

In December, the nation began to clamor for a movement, and the Committee on the Conduct of the War urged the necessity of some movement, and the President and Cabinet were in favor of some forward movement, and they were assured by Gen. McClellan that a move would be made very soon—that he never intended to go into winter quarters, and he did not.

Our brave men spent the winter in canvas tents. At last, in January, the President gave an order to forward, and those glorious events took place at Fort Donelson, Fort Henry, Newbern, &c., and do-nothing strategy seemed to give way to works, and the day of spades, pick-axes, and shovels was over.

On the 22d of February, the Army of the Potomac was ordered to move, but it was not ready. At last, on the 10th of March, it did move, under the protest of the commander. On the 10th of March, that army numbered 230,000 men, by the muster-roll. They marched on Manassas and the wooden guns of Centreville, and the enemy, less than 40,000, quietly moved away.

At a council of war eight generals voted not to advance on Manassas, but leave the enemy there and sneak around by Annapolis. Seven out of the eight of these generals were appointed by the advice of General McClellan. But the Secretary of War overruled this, and made the army move on Manassas.

Why the magnificent army of 230,000 did not march on Richmond no one knows, but at last McClellan divided the army and sailed for Fortress Monroe. The Committee on the Conduct of War summoned Gen. Wadsworth, who swore that he had only 19,022 men left to Washington, and not a single gun mounted on wheels, and part of this force was new and undisciplined, and some nearly disciplined.

He (Chandler) then read from the testimony of John Tucker, Assistant Secretary of War, who testified that prior to the 5th of April 120 000 men were sent down to McClellan, then Franklin's division was sent, 12,000 more; the 1st of June McCall's division, 10,000 more, and about that time 11,000 from Baltimore and Fortress Monroe; and last June Shields's division, about 5,000 men, sent, making a total of 158,000 men sent to Gen. McClellan prior to the engagement before Richmond.

Mr. Tucker further testified that he did not know of any other force which could have been sent to Gen. McClellan. Thus, Mr. Chandler said, it is shown that 158,000 of the best troops that ever stood on God's footstool have been sent to Gen. McClellan, and yet the treasonable press of the country was howling against the Secretary of War because he had not sent reinforcements to Gen. McClellan.

He read further, from the testimony of Gen. Meigs, corroborating, Mr. Tucker, and saying that he believed everything that McClellan asked for had been promptly sent to him by the Government.

Mr. Chandler continued, saying that McClellan lost more men in the trenches, five to one, than ever fell from the enemy since the army went to Yorktown. At last, when the army whipped the enemy at Williamsburg, McClellan, at a long distance from the field of battle, wrote a dispatch to the Secretary of War, that he should try to hold the enemy in check, but they were too fast. The road to Richmond was open, and all he had to do was to march out the swamps and into Richmond, but he found the most swamp he could, and set right down in the middle of it, and went to work digging trenches, and thus tens of thousands of brave men were lost there by sickness. Then, at last, after waiting till the enemy choose, for it would not be strategy to attack them till they were ready, we kept on digging trenches, till at last the battle of Fair Oaks was fought, when the whole rebel force was hurled on a small portion of our army, who whipped them, and drove them back pell-mell into Richmond, and across James River. But of course we did not follow them—that would not be fair to follow a whipped enemy, and so the battle of Fair Oaks was lost, that is to say, we won a brilliant victory, but it did us no good. It would have been unfair to take advantage of a routed army, so we magnanimously stopped and commenced diggiug. There was no army in our front, and no intrenchments in front, but we did not know what else to do, and so we began to dig a ditch, and we kept digging ditches until they had impressed and drilled an army of soldiers from their entire population, and they sent Jackson on a raid to Winchester, and we waited for him to come back with his 20,000 or 30,000 men, and we heard that Corinth was evacuated. But it would have been unfair to commence an attack until they brought their troops from Corinth, and so waited for the army from Corinth, and when they got in all the troops they ever hoped to raise, then we did not attack them at all. They attacked us, as we had reason to suppose they would. They attacked our right wing, and they hurled their whole force on our right wing of 30,000 men, and during the whole of that Thursday our little army of 30,000 held their ground and repulsed that vast horde over and over again, and held their ground at night. Well, sir, of course reinforcements were sent to those brave men, to enable them to send that dastardly army back into Richmond the second time. No, sir, they didn't do anything of the kind. At night, instead of reinforcements they were ordered to retreat. Well, sir, that was strategy. The moment we commenced our retreat, then, it is said in the dispatches, the enemy followed us like demons. Of course they would. Who ever heard of an army retreating that was not followed, unless they were rebels? Our left and centre remained intact. A feint was made on our left wing and centre as I have heard from one of the bravest men in that whole army of the Potomac. He said when his regiment was ordered under arms he had no doubt that he was going to march on Richmond with his regiment. He believed the whole force of the enemy had attacked our right wing. He belived there was nothing in front. He believed that our hour of triumph had come. His men sprung into line with avidity, prepared to rush at the point of the bayonet into and over Richmond. And he never discovered his error till he saw a million and a half of dollars' worth of property burnt before his regiment. Then he began to think it did not wear the aspect of an advance on Richmond. They had been working there and lost 10,000 men digging trenches, and spent months bringing up siege guns. Then they left their trenches without firing a gun. Our army was ordered to advance on the gunboats instead of on Richmond. The Colonel told me that he fought the enemy three days and whipped them each day, and then ran every night like ——, using a wicked word. No portion of that vast army was in the fight except the men under Porter, and they whipped the enemy the first day. Well, sir, this is called strategy. Now, sir, again I say why was this great army of the Potomac, of two hundred and thirty thousand men, divided? Human ingenuity, and scarcely divine wisdom, could have devised any other way to have that army defeated than the way that was adopted. I simply charge that grave errors have been committed; but, as I said before, no other way could have been devised to defeat that army. I have thought it necessary that these facts should go forth to the people. I know that I shall be denounced, but only by two classes of people—one, traitors; and the other, fools. Nobody else will denounce me.

In the Senate, the next day, Mr. Wright, of Indiana, from the Committee on the Conduct of the War, wished to enter his personal protest against the publication of a portion of the evidence before the committee. He would not be considered responsible for its use by the Senator from Michigan yesterday. He doubted the policy and propriety of such an expose.

No other comments were made on Senator Chandler's speech.

PLANS OF THE REBELS.

Among other interesting items as to the proceedings of the rebels, we have some inklings of the subjects discussed at two conferences of all the principal rebel military leaders, held in Richmond on the 4th and 5th instants. It is understood that they came to the conclusion that they must lose no more territory. The defensive policy was strongly attacked, and both Lee and Beauregard advised the invasion of the North at three points—namely, from Cumberland or Williamsport into Pennsylvania; from Louisville and Cincinnati into Indiana and Ohio, and from Paducah and Cairo into Illinois. It is alleged that the following plan of operations for the remainder of the summer campaign was agreed upon:—

1. The immediate obstruction of the James river so as to make it impossible for McClellan to use it as a means for communicating with the Government and for the transportations of reinforcements and army supplies.

2. The reoccupation of Williamsburg, Yorktown and the entire peninsula.

3. The recovery of the whole of the territory of Virginia, and the repossession of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

4. The recovery of New Orleans, Memphis and the Mississippi river, and the expulsion of the Federal troops from Tennessee and Kentucky. When these, objects had been accomplished, the Lee and Beauregard plan proposed:—

5. To make the Potomac and Ohio river at once their base of operations and frontier line, and to transfer the seat of war from Virginia to Maryland.

6. To hurl upon Washington, from Richmond, a column of two hundred thousand troops; the capture of that city, the "liberation" of Baltimore, and the invasion of the North at the three points named above. By becoming in turn the invaders, they hope to make it necessary for us to keep at home, for the defence of our cities, fully five hundred thousand troops.

OPPOSED TO AN EXCHANGE.—At the battle of Ball's Bluff, one of the gallant boys of the 20th Massachusetts Regiment was taken prisoner and confined with many others at Salisbury, N. C. His name is—say Tom Smith—and he has a wife and children living not a thousand miles from New Bedford. When it became pretty certain that there would be a general exchange of prisoners, some kind friend, desirous of relieving the terrible anxiety of the wife, called and informed Mrs. Smith that her husband would probably be exchanged. "Well," said the lovely woman, "I love Tom—and the children love Tom, and I don't want him exchanged—*I won't have a rebel husband*—so now." The poor woman thought the exchange was a swap, and that she was to have another husband. Tom, we are glad to say, has reached home, to the great delight of Mrs. S., who was afraid that exchange was robbery.—*New Bedford Mercury.*

☞ If a man is doomed to the stake, he would most generally prefer that it should be beef.

IMPORTANT MESSAGE OF THE PRESIDENT

On Emancipation.

The following message was communicated to Congress on the 14th:—

Fellow citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives:

Herewith is the draft of a bill to compensate any state which may abolish slavery within its limits, the passage of which, substantially as presented, I respectfully and earnestly recommend.

[Signed] ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Be it enacted, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, that whenever the President of the United States shall be satisfied that any state shall have lawfully abolished slavery within and throughout such state, either immediately or gradually, it shall be the duty of the President, assisted by the Secretary of the Treasury, to prepare and deliver to each state an amount of six per cent. interest bearing bonds of the United States equal to the aggregate value, at —— dollars per head, of all the slaves within such state as are reported by the census of the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty—the whole amount for any one state to be delivered at once if the abolishment be immediate, or in the equal annual instalment if it be gradual, the interest to begin running on each bond at the time of delivery, and not before.

And be it further enacted, that if any state having so received any such bonds shall, at any time afterwards, by law reintroduce or tolerate slavery within its limits, contrary to the Act of Abolishment upon which such bonds shall have been received, the said bonds so received by the said state shall at once be null and void, in whosoever hands they may be, and such state shall refund to the states all the interest which may have been paid on such bonds.

The Message was referred to appropriate committees. Congress adjourned however before a Bill could be passed.

WESTERN MATTERS.

An expedition from Missouri into the Indian Nation has encountered near Tablequah, the Cherokee capital, a band of rebels, red and white, and defeated them, killing 140 Indians, and taking 150 prisoners. General Rains, the Missouri rebel, is reported captured.

Advices from Memphis report that the rebel General Price is sending across the Mississippi into Arkansas artillery and forage wagons, to aid Hindman against Curtis. The march of the latter to Helena seems to have been wonderful. His troops marched 65 miles in a day and a night. On the 7th of July he had a fight with two Texas regiments, in which the rebels were routed and lost 110 men, and Curtis only 5.

A detachment of Kansas troops have surprised, near Fort Gibson, in the Indian Territory, a party of 500 rebels, under Col. Coffey, and captured all their ammunition, camp equipage, &c., and McGuire, the notorious rebel leader. Thirty dead rebels were left on the field.

THE CHARGES AGAINST GEN. MITCHEL.—The Chicago Tribune has a letter from a war correspondent, who explains the mysterious charges against Gen. Mitchel as follows:—

"With professions of peace and welcome, the 18th Ohio, of Gen. Mitchel's division, on the 18th of last May, marched into the town of Athens, eighteen miles from here. Shortly after their arrival, a force of some three hundred rebel cavalry rushed in upon them, notice having been given them by the citizens, and the 18th Ohio was put to rout. The citizens fell into the ranks of the cavalry; shot at our soldiers from the streets, the doors and windows of houses; while women joined in a clapping of hands and shouts of abuse, derision, and contempt, as the 18th retreated from the town. The 19th and 24th Illinois, of Col. Turchin's Brigade, arrived soon after, and completely sacked the place. Maddened by the outrages perpetrated, they committed great excesses, and the town to-day affords ample evidence of the destruction they effected; but under such aggravated causes their actions are almost justifiable. Suffice it to say, the punishment of the people of Athens that day received has had a *most salutary effect, and they now pay due deference to the Federal authority.* Such is the course pursued by Col. Turchin, and to much the same extent by Gen. Mitchel."

TO ARMS!—From Secretary Seward—Department of State, Washington, July 6, 1862.—My Dear Cook—You must help Diven and Van Valkenburg raise men. All is well if we instantly show our strength. I send him (Diven) home for that purpose.

Faithfully yours, WM. H. SEWARD.

Hon. Chas. Cook.

From the Hon. Mr. Diven, M. C.—Elmira, July, 9, 1862.—Dear Sir—I shall be with you in a day or two. Don't say *can't*. Don't say that we must resort to drafting. We have not the time to draft. We must end this war soon or fight the world. We can end it now. We can't fight the world successfully; you know we can't. But as I am to see you soon, no more now.

In haste, yours, A. S. DIVEN.

Hon. Charles Cook.

—*Ithaca Citizen.*

OFFICIAL TRUTH FROM SECESH.—The following letter, which speaks for itself, was found on the person of a prisoner, who was captured by one of our scouting parties:—

"SAVAGE STATION, July 5, 1862.

"General:—I have the honor to report, that I find that the enemy have destroyed all their ammunition, forage and stores, except a very small quantity of hard bread and coffee. We have some 1,600 sick and wounded. The prisoners I have forwarded to Richmond. I wish instructions as to the disposition of a large class of people styling themselves 'benevolent nurses.' Our own sick and wounded are very numerous, and suffering greatly from want of proper attention and transportation. Your ob't servant,

"GEORGE ALMY.

"To Gen. J. B. Magruder, Commanding at Phillip House."

A BRIEF WILL.—While living, Nicholas Biddle, Esq., occupied a prominent position, and filled a large space in the history of the financial world; but his will, which is brief and to the purpose, occupies a small space in comparison to that of many persons. It is in the handwriting of the testator, and is without witnesses. It was admitted to probate July 8, 1845. The following is a copy:—

"All that I possess in the world I hereby bequeath to her whom I most love in it, my dear wife, as her sole and absolute property. I name as the executor of this my last will, my brother, Wm. S. Biddle, Esq.

"N. BIDDLE.

"*Philadelphia, August* 17, 1839."

☞ A doctor lately informed his friends in a large company that he had been eight days in the country. "Yes," said one of the party, "it has been announced in the *Times*." "Ah!" said the Doctor, stretching his neck importunately, "pray, in what terms?" "Why, as well as I can remember, in the following: 'There were last week seventy-seven interments less than the week before!'"

ADDRESS

Of the Loyal Citizens of New York, in mass meeting assembled, in Union Square, on the 15th day of July, 1862.

The war in which the United States are engaged is not a war of conquest, but purely of defence. We are fighting for that which we received from our fathers; for the Union, which was freely entered into by all the parties to it; for the Constitution, which is older than this generation, which was made, in part, by the rebel states, and which every rebel leader has oftentimes sworn to support. We did not resist till our forbearance was imputed to pusillanimity; we did not strike till we had been struck; and when we took up arms, we sought only to retake that which had been taken from us by force, or surrendered by an imbecile or traitorous President and Cabinet.

The rebellion had no cause or pretext which was even plausible. Misgovernment by the Federal power was not even pretended, nor any just apprehension of misgovernment, for though a President had been chosen whose opinions were hostile to the extension of slavery, the other departments of the Government were so constituted that no legislation hostile to the South could have been perfected. The rebels revolted, therefore, against a Government which themselves or their fathers had, of their free choice, created for them, whose powers they had generally wielded, and whose offices they had, for the greater part, filled.

What this rebellion was for is declared by the Constitution which the rebels immediately adopted for themselves, and to which they invited the adhesion of the loyal states. That instrument may be regarded as their manifesto. It is for the most part a copy of the Constitution of the United States, with these two important additions—the perpetual servitude of the African race, and the inalienable right of each state to secede from the rest at will. Slavery and secession are the two corner-stones of the rebel Constitution; the differences between that and our own, and of course the only causes and objects of the rebellion.

Whoever, therefore, either in this country or in Europe, sympathizes with the rebels, or abets them, must justify the taking up of arms, and filling the land with distress and slaughter, for the establishment of the perpetual right of slavery and the perpetual right of secession. The bare statement of the proposition, so far as slavery is concerned, should seem to be sufficient argument. In this age of the world, under the influence of our Christian civilization, it seems incredible that any set of men should dare to proclaim perpetual human servitude as a fundamental article of their social compact, or that any other man should be found on the face of the world to justify or even to tolerate them. In respect to the assumed right of secession, the argument is short and conclusive. Our Constitution established a Government and not a league; that was its purpose. The aim of its founders, to make it a Government indissoluble and immortal, was as clearly expressed in the language of the instrument, and of contemporaneous writings, as it was possible to express it.

That man must be most ignorant of American history and law, who does not know that the idea of a league or partnership is wholly foreign to our constitutional system. The union between England and Scotland is as much a league, or partnership, as the union between New York and Virginia, and when Englishmen talk of the right of Virginia to self government, let them ask themselves if they think Scotland has a right to secede from England at will.

So much for the legal right—now for the political necessity. The secession of Louisiana and Florida from Pennsylvania and Ohio can no more be admitted, considered as a question of policy alone, than could the secession of Wales from England, or Burgundy from France; nay, more—it would be possible for France to exist as a powerful empire without a foot of the old domain of the Burgundian princes; and England might be powerful and respected, though the Welsh in their mountains still maintained their independence. But such is the shape of this continent, and the net-work of waters which flow through the delta of the Mississippi into the Gulf of Mexico, that one part of the great valley cannot secede from the other. Providence has written its eternal decree upon the rivers and mountains of our continent, that the North-Western and South-Western states shall be forever joined.

But if it were possible to be otherwise—if several independent communities, without any national tie, could exist side by side in the great basin of our continent—they would be rivals, and from rivals would become enemies, warring with each other, seeking foreign alliances, obstructing each other's prosperity, and assailing each other's power. The great experiment of republican government would have failed; an experiment depending for its success upon the possibility of uniting an independent action of separate states in respect to the greater number of the functions of government, with the action of a national Government upon all matters of common concern.

If, as we believe, the fate of republican government in America is to determine whether a great country can be governed by any other than the monarchical form, with its concomitants of privileged classes, and standing armaments, and, of course, whether this country of ours is to continue to be the asylum for the poor and the oppressed of all countries, there can be no greater question presented to any people than that now presented to us; none in which the millions of this continent, and of Europe, are more deeply concerned. If such a sacrifice were necessary, the thirty millions who now inhabit these states could do nothing so useful or sublime as to give themselves and all that they have, that they might leave this broad land under one free, indissoluble, republican government, opening wide its arms to the people of all lands and promising happy homes to hundreds of millions for scores of ages.

We are persuaded that there has never been a struggle between authority and rebellion whose issue involved more of good or ill to the human race. We are fighting not for ourselves alone, but for our fellow-men, and for the millions who are to come after us. These are scenes in the great war of opinion, which began before the century opened, and which will be ended only when it shall be decided whether government is for the few or the many.

We do not war with monarchical governments, or monarchical principles. They may be the best for some countries. The republican form of government is the one we prefer for ourselves, and for that, in its purity and its strength, we are offering up our substance, and pouring out our blood like water. We are contending for that scheme of government for which Washington and the rest of the fathers took up arms; for the integrity of our country, for our national existence, for the Christian civilization of our land, for our commerce, our arts, our schools; for all those earthly things which we have been taught most to cherish and respect.

Such being the magnitude of the stake in this contest, can it be wondered at that we feel that all that we have, and all that we can do, should be given to our country in this its great hour of trial? If there be a man amongst us who does not feel thus, he should leave us. We cannot endure the thought of a traitor in the midst of us. For ourselves, we are willing to make every sacrifice necessary for the triumph of the Government. It can have all the resources of twenty millions of people. All we ask of it is, that it shall use them quickly, vigorously, and wisely. Let us have no disunited counsels, no uncertain policy, no insufficient armaments, no faltering with rebellion. The crisis is most serious and imminent. The nation is not in a mood for trifling. It believes that the surest means of suppressing the rebellion are the best. It complains only of delays, vacillation, weakness. It wishes the strength of the nation to be collected, and when collected, used so that not a vestige of revolt remains. We know that we have the men and the means; we only demand of the Government that it do what it is bound to do—use them with singleness of purpose, with well-considered plan, under the lead of the wisest counsel and the most skillful command.

This rebellion is a matter between ourselves and the rebels. No person other than an American has anything to do with it. If another intrudes into it, we must regard and treat him as an enemy. And if any foreign Government, forgetting its own duties, attempts to interfere in our affairs, the attempt must be repelled, as we are sure it will be repelled with that firmness and spirit which become the American people and their representatives. If there be anything about which we are all agreed, it is the wisdom of our traditional policy, that we will not interfere in the affairs of other nations, nor allow their interference in ours. To the maintenance of this policy the nation is devoted, and the Government can count on the unanimous support of our people.

Forasmuch, then, as the actual rebellion and the possibility of foreign intervention make it necessary that the whole loyal people of this country should be banded together as one man, for the defence of all they hold most dear, we here pledge ourselves to each other, to Congress, and to the President, that with all our resources, we will support the Government in the prosecution of this war, with the utmost possible vigor, till the rebellion is overcome, and its leaders brought to merited punishment.

GEN. BUTLER EXPLAINS HIS FAMOUS "WOMAN" ORDER.

The following is a private letter from Gen. Butler to a friend in Boston, explaining the motives which induced him to issue his famous "Woman" order:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF, New Orleans, July 2.

MY DEAR SIR:—I am as jealous of the good opinion of my friends as I am careless of the slanders of my enemies, and your kind expressions in regard to Order No. 28, leads me to say a word to you on the subject.

That it ever could have been so misconceived as it has been by some portions of the northern press is wonderful, and would lead one to exclaim with the Jew, "Oh, Father Abraham, what these Christians are, whose own hard dealings teach them to suspect the very thoughts of others!"

What was the state of things to which the woman order applied?

We were two thousand five hundred men in a city seven miles long by two to four wide, of a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, all hostile, bitter, defiant, explosive, standing literally on a magazine; a spark only needed for destruction. The devil had entered the hearts of the women of this town (you know seven of them chose Mary Magdalen for a residence), to stir up strife in every way possible. Every opprobrious epithet, every insulting gesture was made by these bejewelled, becrinolined and laced creatures, calling themselves ladies, towards my soldiers and officers, from the windows of houses and in the streets. How long do you suppose our flesh and blood could have stood this without retort? That would lead to disturbances and riot, from which we must clear the streets with artillery; and then a howl that we murdered these fine women. I had arrested the men who hurrahed for Beauregard. Could I arrest the women? No. What was to be done? No order could be made save one that would execute itself. With anxious, careful thought, I hit upon this: "Women who insults my soldiers are to be regarded and treated as common women plying their vocation."

Pray how do you treat a common woman plying her vocation in the streets? You pass her by unheeded. She cannot insult you. As a gentleman, you can and will take no notice of her. If she speaks, her words are not opprobrious. It is only when she becomes a continuous and positive nuisance that you call a watchman and give her in charge to him.

But some of the northern editors seem to think that whenever one meets such a woman one must stop her, talk with her, insult her, or hold dalliance with her, and so from their own conduct they construed my order.

The editor of the Boston Courier may so deal with common women, and out of the abundance of the heart his mouth may speak—but so do not I.

Why, these she-adders of New Orleans themselves were at once shamed into propriety of conduct by the order, and from that day no woman has either insulted or annoyed any live soldier or officer, and of a certainty no soldier has insulted any woman.

When I passed through Baltimore on the 23d of February last, members of my staff were insulted by the gestures of the ladies (?) there. Not so in New Orleans.

One of the worst possible of these women showed disrespect to the remains of gallant young DeKay, and you will see her punishment, a copy of the order which I enclose, is at once a vindication and a construction of my order.

I can only say that I would issue it again under like circumstances. Again thanking you for your kind interest, I am,

Truly your friend,
BENJAMIN F. BUTLER,
Major-General Commanding.

TOBACCO GROWING.—We notice that in this and the adjoining counties farmers are turning their attention largely to the growing of tobacco, which promises in these times to be quite a remunerative crop. Owing to the impossibility of cultivating tobacco in many parts of the South the present year, the crop promises to bring unheard of prices. All who have planted, and succeed in raising a crop, will realize large returns. The growing crop which was transplanted just previous to the late rains looks finely and gives promise of an abundant harvest. The tobacco plant grows rapidly after it is transplanted, and is generally ripe enough to harvest in a little over sixty days after the plants are put out. The probable limited supply of this article for a year or two to come, will induce many of our farmers to enter upon its cultivation.—*Rochester Democrat.*

AN Havana correspondent mentions that a regiment of negroes, from Martinique, which had been employed by the French to aid in the Mexican campaign, were landed at Vera Cruz to pursue the troops of Carbajal, but instead of doing this, they considered discretion the best part of valor, and ran off. It is only fair to add, however, that it was really the most sensible thing they could do.

NEWS ITEMS.

AN English gentleman kept a male and female canary for some time in a cage, and separated the birds. On being deprived of her mate, the female bird took it so much to heart that she died the same night; and the male, like a faithful swain, died the following morning. Both birds were lively and healthy at the time of separation.

THE Spragues, of Rhode Island, have made a most generous and patriotic proposition to the men in their employ who have families. They offer to continue to such, if they will enlist, half their pay during their absence, and to secure their positions to them when they return.

THE food and drink of the people of England paid last year £43 000,000 ($210,000,000) of taxes. Of that amount, £35,000,000 ($175 000,000) was paid by the working classes, and £7,000,000 ($35,000,000) by the higher and middle classes.

IN the wool fairs of Prussia, it is no uncommon thing to see noblemen decorated with stars, sitting in stalls, and bargaining with customers for the packages they have sent to market.

ELEPHANT ON A "RAMPAGE."—Van Amburgh's elephant Tippo Saib got out of the menagerie in Lewistown, and after leaving the pavilion he made his way to the Poor House Farm, where he was found some hours afterwards. He paid no respect to fences in his route. Where they were low enough, he walked right over them, but where he could not do that, he laid a panel or so down and walked through. He did no serious damage, and was easily caught and marched back by his keeper to headquarters.

THE Rev. Dr. Howell, who has just been sent to prison by Governor Johnson, at Nashville, is a distinguished divine of the Baptist denomination. He is widely known as the author of a book on "Close Communion," a topic on which he can now meditate at his leisure.

WITH an export of gold at New York for the month of June of nearly ten million dollars, the specie on deposit in the Banks and Sub-Treasury July 1st, had decreased only one and a-half millions, the total June 1st being $38,397,000.

A MINISTER in Beverly, Mass., who happened to have a few sleepy hearers of the masculine gender, in reproving their somnolency, stated that throughout the whole 27 years of his ministry, he never yet had seen a woman asleep in meeting.

THE charge of excessive cruelty against Gen. Mitchell has been pronounced by that officer to be "utterly and absolutely false." Certainly, we should be loth to believe it, although it emanated from a responsible source, until the proof demanded in Gen. Mitchell's letter is furnished.

IT is said that there were 11,000 slaves in Fauquier county, Virginia, before the rebellion, about 5,000 of whom have left their masters and sought employment elsewhere. Many of them remain in the county, but demand payment for their labor, and generally obtain it.

NEW GOLD FIELD.—A new gold field has been discovered in Southern California, near the Colorado river, which it is expected will develope an extent of several thousands of square miles, and perhaps equal the original wealth of California.

CURRANT WINE.—A regular currant wine manufactory has been in operation the present season at Lafayette, Ind., and has turned out several thousand gallons of the beverage which is said to be a first-rate article.

STRENGTH OF THE BRITISH ARMY.—The British troops at present reach the number of 200,000 effectives. Of these, about 63 000 are in India, about 60,000 in the Colonies, and the remaining 83,000 form the standing army at home.

THE American Tract Society have undertaken a new branch of publishing. The managers have caused crackers to be baked, on each of which is stamped a text of Scripture.

IT is estimated that there are now on furlough 50,000 enlisted men, most of whom are in a condition to rejoin their regiments.

THE iron-clad Roanoke, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, is almost completed.

DISINHERITED.—Mr. C. W. Rives, son of Wm. C. Rives, of Virginia, passed through this city on Monday evening, en route for Washington City. Mr. Rives has resided for some years in the State of Illinois, and when the war broke out, he became a very prominent opponent of rebellion. In consequence of this, he recently received a letter from his father, who is quite wealthy, announcing that he (the father) had disinherited the son, for the reason that he had determined that no traitor and abolitionist should ever have the benefit of his wealth. This information is derived from the younger Mr. Rives' own lips.—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

A SURGEON, writing from McClellan's army, speaking of operations on the field at the time of the battle of Fair Oaks, says he removed limbs and cut out bullets without using chloroform—the patients being so excited by the noise of the artillery and musketry as not to mind the pain.

THE CROPS.—The St. Louis *News* says the wheat harvest in the West, now generally secured, is a most bountiful one. In middle and southern Illinois, and Indiana, the yield was so abundant that, but for labor saving reapers and threshers, much of it would have been lost. Oats are not quite so good, and the yield will not be so abundant. Grass looks promising in Indiana and Illinois, but in Missouri and Kentucky it has suffered considerably from want of rain. All throughout the West the corn looks well. The Canadian papers notice an improved appearance of the crops.

HOW THEY PUBLISH THE LAWS IN HAYTI.—[Extract from a letter.] Do you know how they publish the laws in Hayti? First, they print them in every newspaper; secondly, on handbills, which are posted up in every town; thirdly, they are read throughout all the streets of the cities, towns and villages on a certain day every week by a public officer, who is attended by a military brass band, composed of drummers chiefly, who manage easily enough to attract a crowd of listeners. Thus, every one, learned and unlearned, has a chance to know what the laws of his country are.—*Pine and Palm.*

BLACK MILITIAMEN.—It is understood here that the object of the new militia law, which provides for the enlistment of persons of African descent, is not merely to legalize the employment of "contrabands" as auxiliaries to our armies in the field, but is intended to secure the enlistment of negroes in the free states, now excluded from the militia by the act of February 28, 1795. Should the bill become a law, it is said there is a brigade of negroes in New York city, already enrolled, which can take the field within a week.—*Wash. Cor. N. Y. Jour. Com.*

PARLOR CARS BETWEEN NEW YORK AND BOSTON.—New and magnificent cars have been placed on the train of the Shore Line, which leaves Boston for New York at eleven o'clock, via the Boston, Providence and New London roads. The cars are like a parlor; that for ladies is supplied with every convenience—a saloon, with marble wash stand, mirror, sofas, &c., and the car for gentlemen embraces a smoking room and other comforts to make the transit pleasant and comfortable. The night train which leaves Boston at 8 30 P. M is supplied with the new ventilated sleeping cars, luxuriantly fitted up for the comfort of passengers.

THE WAY RECRUITING IS DONE AT THE SOUTH.—When the Southern Confederacy wants men, Jeff. Davis issues his orders to the governors of states, and the governors in turn issue their orders to the counties. The demand is made upon the war material. Ten or fifteen, more or less, of the wealthy men of a county meet together and hold a conference somewhat after this fashion:—We want 100 or 500 men (as the case may be). One says, "My son is anxious to go; he has a good practical education and is fitted to command a company." (Mem. the young man is popular.) "I will give $1,000 to add his company." Another says, "My son will make a good lieutenant; I will give $500." Others say, "Our sons will serve as privates and they will fight; we will give $50 or $100." So the enthusiasm feeds itself, and so the determination becomes fixed all through the South. And that others come forward and say, "We will support and care for the families of all who volunteer and go to the field of battle." (The community know that these men's word is as good as their bond.) In a week's time a company is recruited, equipped (no matter how), and marching to join the army. The young men who will not volunteer and who offer frivolous pretexts and excuses, are actually driven from society by all the ladies, young and old. Thus the Southern army is kept in full force and vigor.

Are our young men ready to act for their country? Are our wealthy men ready to arm and equip companies? *Fiat ut ab hoste docere.—Communication in N. Y. Times.*

WATER has been let into the canal at Vicksburg, but the anticipation that it would soon cut a channel through has not yet been realized. The work is three feet deep.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There is a moderate business doing in Flour at fully former rates; sales of some 15,000 bbls, mostly take a for shipment, at $4,25 for fine, $4,50@4 for superfine, the latter for better brands; $5@5,25 for northwestern extra family; $5,25@5,62½ for Ohio and Penna extra City Mills at our highest figures; $5,50@5,75 for do extra family, and $6@6,50 for fancy brands, including about 3000 bbls high grade Western on terms kept private, and middlings at $3,75@4 ₱ bbl. Rye Flour is arriving and selling slowly at $3,12½@3,37½, the latter for fresh ground. Corn Meal continues scarce, and on the advance. About 500 bbls Penna sold at $2,75 ₱ bbl, at which rate it is wanted, and 1500 bbls Brandywine, at a price kept private.

GRAIN comes in slowly. Prices generally are rather better, and the market is more active, with sales of some 38 000 bus Wheat at $1@1,05 for common; $1,22@1,28 for fair to good and choice Western and Penna Reds; $1,27@1,30 for fair and prime Southern do, and $1,30@1,33 for common to good and choice White, the latter for Kentucky, including 2500 bus Penna Reds, afloat, taken on terms kept private. Rye is in demand, with sales of Penna at 68@69c.—Corn continues in request and scarce, and about 25,000 bus Yellow sold at 56@57c, in store and afloat, for prime, and 50@55c for inferior. Oats are more inquired for, and some 25,000 bus have been taken at 39@40c for Penna, which rates are now generally refused, and 38@40c for Southern do, the latter for 33 lbs, afloat. Barley and Malt are quiet, and Mill Feed dull.

PROVISIONS continue inactive, and prices of most kinds about the same, with a small business doing in bbls Meats at $10,75@11 for Mess Pork and $12@13 for Western and city Mess Beef. Bacon Hams are selling more freely, prices ranging at 7@9c for bagged, the latter for fancy, and Shoulders at 4@4¼c. Sides are quiet, and quoted at 5¼@5½c. Green Meats are unchanged, with more activity in Hams at 5½@5¾c in salt and 6¼@7c in pickle, and the latter scarce. Shoulders in salt are worth 3¼@3½c, and Sides 5¾@6¼c, and the sales moderate. Lard is firmer and more inquired for; 1200 tcs and bbls have been taken at 8¾@8¾c, cash, now held higher. Country is worth 7¼@7¾c, and prime Western kegs 8¾@9¼c. Butter moves off as wanted at 9@12c. Cheese is scarce and quoted at 7@8½c. Eggs are steady at 11@11½c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—Holders have put up their prices 3@4c ₱ lb since the close of last week; the high rates now current have had a tendency to limit the operations of the week to some 400 bales, at from 42 to 48c, cash, including very inferior at 20@25c.

ASHES are better, and a small business doing in both Pots and Pearls at the advance.

BARK—The demand is limited and the market less firm, with further sales of 80 hhds Quercitron part at $33½ for 1st No 1, and part private; the receipts are light. Tanners' Bark is selling on arrival at $11@12 for Chestnut, and $13@14 ₱ cord for Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX is better, good yellow selling in a small way at 34@35c ₱ lb.

COAL—Holders are very firm in their views, and prices, if anything, have an upward tendency. Schuylkill White Ash Lump ₱ ton $4,40@4,50; Prepared do $4,45@4,65; Red Ash do $4,65@4,75; Lehigh Lump do $4,62½@4,75; Prepared do 4,75; by retail do $5,50@5,75, Schuylkill Prepared do $5,25@5,50.

COFFEE is better, with a very reduced stock to operate, in, and a good demand from the trade at an advance of ¼@¾c ₱ lb on the quotations of last week, and some 3000 bags, mostly Rio, sold in small lots at 20@22½c, and Laguayra at 21½@22c cash and time.

COPPER is dull, with a small business to note in yellow metal at 22c ₱ lb on time.

FEATHERS—The demand continues limited and the market very quiet at 37@40c ₱ lb—the latter for good Western.

FRUIT is arriving and selling more freely, and prices are steadily maintained.

HAY is rather better, good Timothy selling at 75@85c ₱ 100 lbs.

HEMP—There is very little movement in the market, which is rather firmer.

HOPS are moving off in lots as wanted at 16@20c ₱ lb for Eastern and Western.

IRON—The market for this staple is firm, and about 1000 tons of Anthracite have been disposed of in lots at $24 for No 1, $23 for No 2, and $21 for 3, on time. Of Scotch Pig small sales are reported at $25, cash. In manufactured Iron there is a steady business to note at fully former rates.

LEAD is firm, but inactive, and holders generally are asking $7 the 100 lbs for Galena.

LUMBER is unchanged, with about the usual business to note in White Pine at $14@16, and Yellow Sap Boards at $13@14. Laths are worth $1,25 ₱ M.

MOLASSES is better, with a small business only to note in Cuba at 1@2c advance; Syrups are also bringing higher prices.

PLASTER—There is very little offering or selling, and soft is in steady demand at $3,50 ₱ ton.

RICE has advanced ¼c. Rangoon selling at 5¼@6, and Patna at 6¼@6¾ ₱ lb.

SEEDS are quiet, Cloverseed selling at $5@5,25, the latter from second hands, at which rate we note sales of 200 bushels. Timothy is held above the views of buyers, and we hear of no sales. Of Flaxseed, which is scarce, small sales are reported at $2,35 ₱ bushel.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin remain quiet, but very firm, and most holders indifferent about selling. N. E. Rum is better, and selling at 40@42c. Whiskey is also better, bbls having been taken to some extent at 3 @33c, hhds in a small way at 30@33c, and drudge at 30@32c.

SUGARS have been very active, and prices at the close ¼@¾c higher than last week, with sales of some 2000 hhds, mostly Cuba, to note within the range of 7¾@9¾c, on time.

TALLOW is in good demand and on the advance, with but little offering or selling, and prices range at 9¼@10¾c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO remains quiet. The sales of both Leaf and Manufactured are small, and the latter scarce and high.

WOOL—The market for this staple has been very active at an advance on the rates current last week, and some 300,000 lbs domestic fleece have changed hands at from 50c to 55c for common to full blood and fine quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1480 head. The prices realized were from 7 to 8½ cents ₱ lb. 75 Cows brought from $20 to 38 ₱ head. 4300 Sheep were sold at from $3,50 to 4,00 ₱ cwt gross. 530 Hogs sold at $4,00 to 5,00 ₱ cwt net.

GENERAL CURTIS'S ADVANCE.—Despatches from Memphis confirm the news of the safe arrival at Helena, Arkansas, of Gen. Curtis's army. On the 7th instant they had a sharp fight with the rebels, whom they defeated with great slaughter. Our troops buried 110 of the enemy, and captured and paroled a number of prisoners. Union loss eight killed and thirty-two wounded. Helena is some distance south of Memphis.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Tuesday, 15th instant, by the Rev. Kingston Goddard, D. D., Rev. THOMAS G. ALLEN, to Mrs. TACY ALLEN.

On the 27th of Oct. last, by the Rev. Mr. Benade, Mr. JAMES M. BENCKERT, U. S. N. to Miss LIZZIE SHARP, of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. N. B. Baldwin, WILLIAM E. OWENS, of Va., seaman, to Miss MARY J. MCLOCKLING, of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. J. G. Alday, Mr. JOHN T. TOMKINS, to SARAH J. HUSTON, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. WILLIAM W. BURKE, to Miss EMMA R. ASHTON, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, JOHN J. GLASSON, Jr. of New York, to Miss CARRIE C. AKIN, of Bustleton, Philada. county.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. JOHN LAPPIN, formerly of Troy, N. Y. to Miss SARAH E. daughter of Wm. B. Worrell, Esq. of this city.

On the 2d instant, in Camden, N. J. by the Rev. Chas. S. Hill, Mr. JOSEPH R. THOMPSON, to Miss ALICE NORTH, both of Camden.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 14th instant, WALTER M. son of Philip S. and Helen M. Justice, aged 12 years.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. ESTHER COOPER, in her 70th year.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. HANNAH WHEATLY, aged 44 years.

On the 14th instant, ANNE M. PAGE, in her 67th year.

In this city, on the 15th July, Mrs ELIZABETH DWIGHT, wife of Fred. A. Packard, Esq. and daughter of the late Hon. John Hooker, of Springfield, Mass.

On the 13th instant, WILLIAM F. MEURER, in his 84th year.

On the 13th instant, CHARLES LOKENS, aged 58 years.

On the 13th instant, JOSEPH HADDOCK, in his 44th year.

On the 13th instant, HENRY A. STEEL, in his 52d year.

On the 12th instant, JOSEPH H. GAMBLE, in his 23d year.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. MARY HALLWORTH, in her 45th year.

On the 13th instant, MARGARET MONTGOMERY, in her 23d year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philada'phia, July 19, 1862.

Alabama	50 dis.	Missouri	3 to 50 dis.
Canada	½ par	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	½ dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	par	New Hampshire	½ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	½ dis.	New Jersey par to	½ dis.
Florida	— dis.	N. Y. City	¼ dis.
Georgia	50 dis.	New York State	¼ dis.
Illinois	3 to 75 dis.	North Carolina	50 dis.
Indiana	2 to 5 dis.	NovaScotia	10 dis.
Iowa	1 dis.	Ohio	½ dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania par to	½ dis.
Kentucky	3 dis.	Rhode Island	¼ dis.
Louisiana	40 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	½ dis.	Tennessee	50 dis.
Maryland	1 to 1½ dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	½ dis.	Vermont	¼ dis.
Michigan	10 dis.	Virginia	4 to 40 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	2 to 50 dis.
Mississippi	—		

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SODA WATER,

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I am, dear sir, yours most respectfully,
A. LEHMAN.
LA CRONICA Office 65 Franklin St., N. York

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THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERIENCE OF AN INVALID.—Published for the benefit and as a warning and a caution to young men who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, &c.; supplying at the same time the means of Self Cure. By one who has cured himself after being put to great expense through medical imposition and quackery. By enclosing a post paid addressed envelope, *single copies* may be had of the author,
NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq.,
ap19-tf Bedford, Kings Co., N. Y.

Wit and Humor.

A MATHEMATICAL HOSPITAL PATIENT.—On our upward trip we had on board a tall, gaunt looking volunteer, whose appearance not only indicated that he was lately from a hospital, but that it would perhaps have been better for him to have remained there still, for he certainly did not seem to be in fit condition to travel. He was from Eastern Ohio, and by some strange whim of his comrades (soldiers have odd notions as to name) he had won the cognomen of "Beauregard." He was full of dry humor, and it had a peculiar zest, coming from such a dilapidated specimen of the human kind. I asked him:

"How long were you in the hospital at ——?"

"I stayed just five days; I couldn't stand it any longer."

"Why so? Were you not well treated?"

"Well, you see, when I went in, there were six patients. The first day they buried one."

"Well, what of that?"

"Nothing—only, the next day, they buried another."

"They must have been severe cases, and made it very unpleasant for you."

"Blamed unpleasant. I knew my turn would come in time. I went in on Monday, and if I stayed I would be carried out on Saturday. So I made my calculation, and on Friday I packed my knapsack and went away. If I had not, I'd surely been buried on Saturday. Six days, one man each day. I couldn't stand that."

DIFFERENT VIEWS RESPECTING MARRIAGE.—Dr. Thomson, in his "Letters from Europe," handsomely hits off the different views which obtain among different classes and different communities respecting marriage:

One says—

"I wish to take advice about a serious matter that weighs heavily upon my mind."

"What is it?"

"Getting married. Is it best?"

"Well, whom have you in view? If she is young, handsome, and virtuous, the sooner you get her the better. Who is she?"

"Oh, nobody in particular; it is marrying in the abstract that I am thinking about." That is young Germany.

"Zounds! I love her, and will have her, if I have to swim the river for her." Young America.

"No use to deny me or run from me. Where you go I will go, where you stop I will stop, where you live I will live, where you die I will die, and where you are buried, there will I be buried." That is young Ireland.

"She is worth three thousand one hundred and twenty-seven pounds, six shillings and fourpence halfpenny, which, under the circumstances, is not quite sufficient." Young England.

PROMISE AND PERFORMANCE.—An anecdote is related of a young tenor with a fine voice, but an empty purse, who being about to make his first appearance, and being desirous of securing the good-will and protection of one of the Italian journals, called upon the editor to assure him of his intention of subscribing to the paper whenever his resources allowed him to do so. He was cordially received at first, but the manner of the literary tyrant changed perceptibly as soon as the true state of the visitor's finances became known. The singer was earnest in his appeal, and promised faithfully that the subscription should be paid out of the first instalment due upon his engagement. After a somewhat protracted interview, assurances of mutual support were interchanged. The *debut* took place, and was most successful. It was noticed by the next editor in the following cautious terms:—"Signor —— is an artist who promises a great deal. Before recording a decided opinion as to his merits, we shall wait and see whether he fulfills our expectations."

LARGE FEET.—The Reverend Joseph Bowman, of Pimperton, is celebrated for the large size of his "trotters." He is said to be the person who keeps a tannery in operation for the purpose of furnishing leather enough to keep him in boots and shoes. But that is said to be a falsehood by those who know him best. On one occasion, wanting his boots mended, he stopped at the door of Bill Hill's shoe shop, and thus accosted the cobbler, who was busy at work within—

"Say, Bill, can you half-sole my boots today?"

Bill, who stuttered a little, came to the door, and after taking a long and apparently anxious survey of the weather, answered—

"Yes, if d-d-don't rain."

"Why, Bill, what difference would that make?" said the reverend.

"Why," said Bill, "my sh-sh-sh-shop ain't very large, and I th-thought I c-c-c-could bring my b-b-bench out d-doors."

BETSY'S COURTING SENSATION.—There is a dear good old lady in our "deestrict," who has for a daughter an "unkimmon" cross old girl, who has not been burdened with a surplus of attention from the opposite "sect." Her mother wonders "why on airth the fellars don't come to see Betsy." But, *mirabile dictu!* last Sunday night Betsy had a beau, and they "sot up," and the old lady was extremely delighted. Monday morning when her fair daughter came down to her morning meal, the old lady exclaimed, with pleasant emphasis—

"Well, Betsy, my dear, how do you feel this morning?"

Betsy glared at her a moment, and then muttered, in deep, low tones—

"Feel as though I could eat su'thin."

Betsy wasn't accustomed to "settin' up," you see.

☞ Some women paint their faces, and then weep because it doesn't make them beautiful. They raise a hue—and cry.

SLOW AND SURE.—In one of the old Dutch settlements of the Mohawk Valley, a very honest old farmer of the Little Four Corners was elected justice of the peace. It was not supposed that Squire V—— had amassed much legal learning, but he was quite noted for his unsophisticated honesty and frankness—indeed, a blunt Dutchman, whose heart never erred, but whose head had very little connection with it in the administration of his official functions. It happened that his first case was quite hotly contested by lawyers on both sides. They summed it up elaborately, and after they got through quoting from "Cowen's Treatise," the bar-room of the hotel (his office) being crowded with eager spectators to hear the first decision of the new justice, the old man deliberately folded up his docket, put it under his arm, lit his pipe and said:—"Vell, shentlemen, I shall take four days to decide, but shall effentually find shugement for de plaintiff."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—"I wants to schipp in the Lucilla," said a Dutchman to a clerk in a shipping office.

"Well," said the clerk, pen in hand, "what's your name?"

"It is Hans Vanas Mananderdaunsevaney-mendeynitcheitenschupfeyldsmadteschupyor tinromp?" said the Dutchman, gravely.

"Zounds!" cried the clerk; "do you know what it is in English?"

"Yaw, ich does," said the Dutchman; "it ish Von Smidt."

AN EXPLANATION.—"Papa," said my bright eyed little girl to me one day, "I b'lieve mamma loves you better'n she does me."

I confess to doubts on that subject, but I concluded that it was not best to deny the soft impeachment. She meditated thoughtfully about it for some time, evidently construing my silence as unfavorable to her side.

"Well," said she at last, "I s'pose it's all right; you're the biggest and it *takes more* to love you."

A KIND ACT AND ITS REWARD.

The Cleveland Plaindealer sketches an incident that lately occurred on one of the railroads running through Ohio. The sketch is interesting, though it is impersonal. The car is full of well-dressed, aristocratic passengers. The conductor enters, and proceeds to collect the accustomed fare. Presently he comes to a lady dressed in deep mourning, travelling with three children, and calls for a ticket.—The lady quickly puts her hand in her pocket for the same, but it was gone, with the wallet containing all her money, within which the ticket had been placed for safe keeping. The lady is of an exceedingly modest, retiring disposition, and in an agitated manner explains why she cannot pay the fare. The conductor is one of your hard-hearted kind—one of those men without a particle of feeling—and without taking into consideration any of the palliating circumstances of the case, rung the bell, stopped the train, and the young woman and her little ones were ordered from the car. The engineer had not been an uninterested spectator of the scene. He had left the engine and advanced to where the lady was standing, looking so distressed and friendless. The engineer had a big, warm heart. Putting his hand in his pocket, he produced a fifty-dollar gold piece, and, handing it to the lady, remarked—

"Here, madam, take this and get into the car. It is shameful that you should be thus treated."

The lady hesitated about receiving it, but was in a desperate strait; and, after showering numberless thanks on the noble engineer, insisted on receiving his name and address. She then returned to her seat in the cars, and went on her way.

About a month from this time the engineer received a note requesting him to call at the express office and take from thence a package addressed to him. He did so. Upon opening the package he found that it contained fifty dollars and an elegant gold watch, seals and chain. Upon the inside of the case was inscribed the golden rule, the substance of which is, "To do unto others as you would wish others to do to you."

TEA BRANDS AND THEIR MEANING.—The following will interest housekeepers:—"Hyson" means "before the rains," or "flourishing spring," that is, early in the spring; hence it is often called "Young Hyson."—"Hyson skin" is composed of the refuse of other kinds, the native term for which is "tea skins." Refuse of still coarser descriptions, containing many stems, is called "tea bones." "Bohea" is the name of the hills in the region where it is collected. "Pecoe" or "Pecco," means "white hairs," the down of tender leaves. "Powchong," "folded plant." "Souchong," "small plant." "Twankay" is the name of a small river in the region where it is bought. "Congo" is from a term signifying "labor," from the care required in its preparation.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.—It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would almost seem as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we dearly loved in life. Alas, how often and how long may those patient angels hover above us, watching for the spell which is so seldom uttered and so soon forgotten!

☞ A STINGY FELLOW.—An old bachelor who had procured a marriage certificate for a friend, while glancing over it, was heard to soliloquize thus: "Can't do it—would like to, but won't—want a wife—would like to have a wife—but must do without so expensive a luxury—wives are expensive—money is scarce—provisions are high—won't consent to give any one authority to spend money for me—can't do it."

A NATURAL MISTAKE.

IGNORANT FLUNKEY (to Tomkins, who is about to leave his *Carte de Visite*.)—"Really, we don't want nothing o' the kind in your way, young man!"

LADIES' CONFIDENCES.

Two men, be they the dearest friends in the world, when they have once lighted their candles and said good-night, think no more of one another, and feel no lack of one another till they meet at breakfast the next morning. But two women, two sisters, or two dear friends, are not satisfied with talking all day down stairs, they must needs talk half the night in their bedrooms. Some prying novelist says somewhere that female nature is such that confidence cannot be perfect till the back hair is let down; but we do not know enough of ladies' toilets to know whether this is the right explanation. If it be, we feel quite sure that many husbands would be quite satisfied to allow the back hair to be let down in the drawing room; at all events, from the withdrawing thither to the announcement of tea. As it is, the poor man has a creeping sensation that he, and his house, and his friends, and all his affairs, are being discussed just when he is anxious to forget them all in sound slumber. We commend the question to the investigators of Social Science: Why do women delight to chatter in bedrooms, while men, if they do chatter, invariably chatter down stairs?

☞ It is stated upon the authority of those who have heard it, a cat when her tail is pinched between a door and a post, utters the vowels *a, e, i, o, u*, with great distinctness. If the injury is prolonged, she gives *w*, and *y*, also.

☞ How to make a real cowslip in winter—Grease a cow's hoofs and place her on the ice.

Agricultural.

LAMPAS IN HORSES.

This is an *imaginary* disease, but one commonly believed in by grooms, and we are sorry to add, by a great many well-informed persons. If a young horse refuses to eat, it is usually imputed to the *lampas*, which is said to be a swelling of the roof of the mouth back of the upper front teeth, to such a degree that the animal cannot chew its food. Then the awful remedy is presented of burning the part with a red-hot iron! and in many instances the cruel suggestion is put in force with inhuman indifference and haste. This terrible torture is often inflicted without the slightest reference to the condition of the horse in other respects—to the manner in which he has been fed—what work he has been doing—or what exposure he has experienced. No effort is made to learn whether he has taken cold, and is feverish, has eaten or drank heartily immediately after a lively drive, or whether there are symptoms of colic, or some injury has taken place to the mouth or the jaws. No. It is *lampas*, and the red-hot iron must be applied—nothing else will do.

Truly, the lot of the horse is a hard one, and if we can do anything to alleviate it, to arouse men to a more merciful consideration of the noble animal, we shall certainly feel happier every time we see one.

Last week we noticed a new book upon the horse, by Edward Mayhew, and expressed the opinion that it is the best work, probably, ever written upon the subject. Since that expression was made, we have given the book still more careful attention, and find abundant reasons for the belief then expressed. Below we copy a portion of what the writer says in regard to the *imaginary* disease of lampas in horses:—

That affection is supposed to consist of inflammation, which enlarges the bars of the palate and forces them to the level of or a little below the biting edges of the upper incisor teeth.

Would the groom take the trouble to examine the mouths of other young horses which "eat all before them," the "lampas" would be ascertained to be natural development; but the ignorant always act upon faith, and never proceed on inquiry. Young horses alone are supposed to be subject to "lampas;" young horses have not finished teething till the fifth year. Horses are "broken" during colthood; they are always placed in stables, and forced to masticate dry, artificial food before all their teeth are cut; shedding the primary molars is especially painful; of course, during such a process, the animal endeavors to feed as little as possible. A refusal to eat is the groom's strongest proof that lampas is present. But, putting the teeth on one side, would it be surprising if a change of food and a total change of habit in a young creature were occasionally attended with temporary loss of appetite? Is "lampas" necessary to account for so very probable a consequence? The writer has often tried to explain this to stable servants; but the very ignorant are generally the very prejudiced. While the author has been talking the groom has been smiling, looking most provokingly knowing, and every now and then shaking his head, as much as to say, "Ah, my lad, you can't gammon me!"

Young horses are taken from the field to the stable, from juicy grass to dry fodder, from natural exercise to constrained stagnation. Is it so very astonishing if, under such a total change of life, the digestion becomes sometimes deranged before the system is altogether adapted to its new situation? Is it matter for alarm should the appetite occasionally fail? But grooms, like most of their class, regard eating as the only proof of health. They have no confidence in abstinence; they cannot comprehend any loss of appetite; they love to see the "beards wagging," and reckon the state of body by the amount of provision consumed.

The author will not describe the mode of firing for lampas. It is sufficient here to inform the reader that the operation consists in burning away the groom's imaginary prominences upon the palate. The living and feeling substance within a sensitive and timid animal's mouth is actually consumed by fire. He, however, who plays with such tools as red-hot irons cannot say, "thus far shalt thou go." He loses all command when the fearful instrument touches the living flesh; the palate has been burnt away, and the admirable service performed by the bars, that of retaining the food during mastication, destroyed.—The bone beneath the palate has been injured; much time and much money have been wasted to remedy the consequence of a needless barbarity, and, after all, the horse has been left a confirmed "wheezer." The animal's sense being confused, and its brain agitated by the agony, the lower jaw has closed spasmodically upon the red-hot iron; and the teeth have seized with the tenacity of madness upon the heated metal.

When the lampas is reported to you refuse to sanction so terrible a remedy; order the horse a little rest, and cooling or soft food.—In short, only pursue those measures which the employment of the farrier's care would have rendered imperative, and, in far less time than the groom's proposition would have occupied, the horse will be quite well, and once more fit for service.

JEWELS IN SHEEP'S EARS.—Mr. H. G. White, of New Hampshire, has published his mode of marking sheep, which is quite a novel plan, but we think a pretty good one. His method is to make a hole in the lower margin of one of the ears and near the head. In this hole he suspends a copper or zinc label, with a number, or anything else stamped upon it he wishes. The label is circular, three-quarters of an inch across, and is suspended in its place by means of the common split steel rings, used for carrying keys on; or galvanized wire may be used for the rings.

This mode may not be quite so cheap as cutting or slitting, and there is a possibility of its being lost or taken off, but where you wish to number the sheep with reference to a register, or other purpose, it must be very convenient.

WHAT ARE POPLAR TREES?—*Ans.* The Balsam and Balm of Gilead poplars; the Silver poplar, or Abele, and the Lombardy poplar. The correct name of the trees, called in the South and West, White and Yellow poplar, is *Tulip*, or White Wood. These two varieties are, in fact, the same variety—when grown on gravelly upland, the wood is white; on wet lowland, it is yellow.—*Ohio Farmer.*

SMALL POTATOES.—Some years ago, a gentleman visiting a farmer at Tolland, Conn., took from his pocket a small potato which somehow had got in there at home. It was thrown out with a smile, and the farmer took it in his hand to look at it. A little boy of twelve at his elbow asked what it was. "O, nothing but a potato, my boy; take and plant it, and you shall have all you can raise from it till you are of age." The lad took it, and the farmer thought no more about it at that time. The boy, however, not despising small potatoes, carefully divided it into as many pieces as he could find eyes, and put them in the ground. The product was carefully put aside in the fall, and seed for several hills was obtained for the next spring. The product was all kept for seed, until the fourth year, the yield being good, the actual product was four hundred bushels. The farmer, seeing the prospect that by another year the potato field would cover his whole farm, asked to be released from his promise.

"SHOULD HOGS RUN IN THE ORCHARD?"—This is a question frequently asked us.

Answer.—The advantages of allowing hogs to run in the orchard are, that they consume the wormy fruit, which falls early, thus preventing the multiplication of insects, and future loss by them. This is certainly a great advantage. Hogs are not the only animals that will eat wormy apples; but peaches, plums and cherries are not consumed by other stock. We have seen good effects from allowing hogs to run in plum orchards. The disadvantages arise from the uncleanliness which they occasion; and if persons wish to be very particular in this respect, they may gather the affected fruit by hand, and feed it to such animals as they choose—the only difference being in the greater labor of the latter course.—*Ohio Farmer.*

WORKING COWS.—Up in Androscoggin county, Maine, they believe in training cows to the yoke, and the County Agricultural Society offers premiums for the best exhibitions of cows and heifers, trained and disciplined to the yoke and farm labor. To put cows to the yoke seems as barbarous as to keep women at work in the fields, but it is said the cows, if well fed, are not injured, but rather improved as milk producers.

Useful Receipts.

TO CURE WHITE SHEEP SKINS WITH THE WOOL ON.—First soak sheep skins in cold water to soften them, then place them on an inclined board, scrape all the fleshy parts from the inside and trim the edges with a knife. After this rinse them in cold water, then wash them in strong soap suds and rinse them again in water. While still wet they are to be steeped for about six hours in a strong solution of alum, then dripped and stretched on frames, and dried in the open air, but not exposed to the sun. Some persons sprinkle alum in powder over the fleshy side of the skins instead of soaking them in the alum liquor.

GREEN CORN PUDDING.—Take one and a half dozen ears of green corn, split the kernels lengthwise of the ear with a sharp knife; then, with a case-knife, scrape the corn from the cob, leaving the hulls on the cob; mix it with three to four quarts of rich, sweet milk; add four eggs, well beaten, two tablespoonsful of sugar, salt to the taste; bake it three hours; to be eaten hot, with butter.

CURRANT JELLY.—Four quarts ripe currants mashed in both hands, till nearly all are broken; squeeze out the stems and remove them. Put the pulp in a strong bag and squeeze very tightly, and there will be nearly three pints juice. Put three pounds white sugar to this, and boil half an hour.

RASPBERRY VINEGAR.—To one pound of fruit pour on one quart of the best white wine vinegar; the next day, strain the liquor on a pound of fresh fruit, and the day after the same; do not squeeze the fruit, but drain liquor from it; the last time pass it through a canvas, wet with vinegar; put it in a stone jar, with one pound of white sugar to every pint of juice, stirred until dissolved; then set the jar in a pot of water on a hot fire; simmer and skim it, then take it off, and when cold, bottle it for use. No glazed or metal vessel must be used. It makes a delightful drink, in the summer season, used as a lemonade.

CEMENT FOR LEAKY HOUSE ROOFS.—Take four pounds of rosin, one pint of linseed oil, two ounces of red lead, and stir in pulverized sand until the proper consistency is secured, and apply it warm. This cement becomes hard and yet possesses considerable elasticity and it is durable and water proof.

TO DESTROY ANTS.—Drop some quicklime on the mouth of their nest, and work it in with boiling water; or dissolve some camphor in spirits of wine, then mix with water, and pour into their haunts, or tobacco water, which has been found effectual. They are averse to strong scents; camphor will prevent their climbing up trees; place a ring of tar about the trunk, or a circle of rag moistened occasionally with creosote.

PREPARED FLOUR FOR DIARRHŒA.—Tie up a pint of flour very tightly in a cloth, and put into boiling water. When united, the gluten of the flour will be found in a mass on the outside of the ball. Remove this and the inside will prove a dry powder, which is very astringent. Grate this, and wet a portion of it in cold milk. Boil a pint of milk, and when it is at the boiling point stir in as much of the wet mixture as will thicken it to the quality of palatable porridge. Stir in a little salt, and let this be the sole article of diet until the disease has disappeared. Relieve it first by toasted bread, or very delicate mutton broth, which latter is also astringent. If the disease has not progressed to the degree of inflammation, this diet will generally preclude the need of medicine.

☞ The lions of the forest are said to live a century. The lions of fashionable society are generally lions of only a season.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 38 letters.

My 30, 17, 14, 34, is a river in France.
My 16, 26, 8, is a county in Virginia.
My 16, 7, 31, 24, 2, 29, 7, is the town in which my whole was born.
My 33, 12, 3, 21, 34, is the county in which it is situated.
My 36, 12, 6, 7, 15, 34, 5, is the state in which the county is situated.
My 10, 20, 1, 15, 9, 17, is a town in Cuba.
My 8, 25, 16, 15, is a river in Spain.
My 16, 28, 18, 1, 29, 30, 4, is a city in Austria.
My 23, 29, 17, 14, 27, is a county in Texas.
My 18, 15, 3, 12, 23, is one of the United States.
My 1, 11, 13, is a county in Mississippi.
My 37, 21, 25, 33, 27, is a strait in Europe.
My whole is a great General.

Prompton, Pa. MARTIN WALTER.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 82 letters.

My 67, 28, 47, 78, 52, 83, should command respect.
My 65, 21, 69, 40, 73, 60, 48, is an accomplishment.
My 25, 17, 40, 40, 23, 14, is one of the seasons.
My 37, 67, 45, 29, 3, 9, 82, 66, 78, 33, 38, 46, 30, 70, 82, 35, are worthless.
My 64, 8, 43, 56, is a college of much note.
My 32, 45, 58, 79, 42, 41, is a composer of Enigmas for the *Post*.
My 19, 20, 17, 51, 19, 84, is a place of worship.
My 1, 39, 16, 57, 39, 46, is a dethroned "King."
My 71, 44, 11, 46, 47, are parts of house furniture.
My 26, 5, 77, 75, 12, have lately been raised.
My 22, 74, 30, 31, 54, is part of a gentleman's apparel.
My 7, 15, 31, 44, was a distinguished American naval officer.
My 4, 15, 46, is a planet.
My 53, 24, 61, is a kind of fish.
My 66, 35, 60, 52, is one of the elements.
My 62, 2, 36, 70, is part of a ship.
My 10, 76, 43, 62, is part of a ship.
My 13, 59, 23, 47, 30, are shot by sportsmen.
My 27, 63, 38, 80, is a musical instrument.
My 6, 49, 81, is a color.
My 72, 75, 43, 31, 67, 41, is a color.

My whole were words used by one of the most fearless patriots of the then Colonies of America. "STARS AND STRIPES."

☞ An answer is requested.

REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Is a lake in the United States.
Is a county in Pennsylvania.
Is a state in Africa.
Is a river in Europe.
Is an island in the Mediterranean Sea.
Is one of the United States.
Is an island in Oceanica.
Is a cape in Asia.
Is a bay in the United States.
Is a range of mountains in Asia.
The initials form the name of a brave man.

Philadelphia. WILLIAM T. TOTTEN.

CHARADE.

I early woke, the time was near my *whole*,
And through the latticed window brightly stole
Parts of my *first*; this nerved me for the dead,
My *second*, I then acted with all speed.

BETA.

CHARADE.

Complete, I form a rapid view;
Behead—a weapon next appears;
Behead again—transpose—and lo!
I now excite the truant's fears.
'Tis something strange, and though there be
Three letters left, but one you see.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The perimeter of a right angled triangular meadow is 276 rods. In this meadow there is a spring, 20 rods from the right angle, 52 rods from the greater acute angle, and 75 rods from the lesser acute angle. Required—The sides of the meadow? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What will be the exact amount of 6¾ pounds of beef at 6¾ cents per pound. JUNIOR.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What town belongs to a joiner's shop? Ans.—Deal.

☞ What bird has a Christian name?—Ans.—Martin.

☞ What bird was an eloquent preacher? Ans.—Jay.

☞ What poet had temporal and spiritual authority in his day? Ans.—Pope.

☞ One of the English poets belonged both to animals of the crustacean order, and to plants of the rosaceous kind. Who was he? Ans.—Crabbe.

☞ What British admiral was best suited to the element on which he performed his exploits? Ans.—Drake.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—"Cæsar did not merit the triumphal car, more than he that conquers himself." RIDDLE—Trouble. CHARADE—Scowl. CHARADE—Hamlet.

☞ Jupiter and Saturn, the two planets that have lately been so near together, are now rapidly separating, and they will not again be near each other until the lapse of twenty years, when Jupiter will have completed two entire revolutions round the sun, Saturn two-thirds of a revolution, and when very few of us who at present write or read about them will be here to notice the conjunction.

☞ A young and very beautiful lady one evening wished to make an impression at a ball, and went to her aunt to buy her diamonds. "My dear," said the aunt, "you are young and beautiful; I am *passe*. Who needs the diamonds most? However, I will make a bargain with you—lend me your face, and you may have my diamonds."